

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XLIII. }

No. 2037.—July 7, 1883.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLVIII. }

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POETRY.

A CRY FROM ERIN, 21 JUNE, 2
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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A CRY FROM ERIN.

ERIN, our country, — our dear one !
Sadder thy days grow, and sadder ;
Never a promise before thee,
Hardly a record behind.

Ever a yearning for greatness,
Ever a crying for freedom,
Ever with failure on failure ;
Thy children untrue, disunited,
Blind men leading the blind.

Oh, for a leader to lead us !
O God for a leader to lead us !
To teach us our strength and our weakness,
To tell all the world we are true.
Oh, that one rose up among us
Who should be as the voice of thee, Erin ! —
The cry, for which we have waited,
The cry that has never been uttered, —
A leader to show us our trouble,
And meet it, and carry us through.

But never the true one arises ;
Only false leaders, self-seekers,
Showing the world all our folly,
All that is worst in us, weakest ;
Always the selfish and little,
Never the true and the strong.
Branding us unto the nations,
As one which has bartered its birthright ;
Yelling for rights which are no rights,
Leaving unspoken our wrong.

O green isle in the ocean,
Land of the soldier who fears not,
Land of the warm-hearted comrade,
Land of the true-hearted maid !
Fought have our fathers, — how nobly !
Joy there has been in the old time ;
Songs in the past, in thy sunshine, —
None can sing now, in the shade !
All our hearts' gladness is darkened,
Heavy the shame lies upon us.
Fight ! We have nothing to fight for.
Dishonored we are, and dismayed.

We hear our own false ones belie us ;
We hear how the English misjudge us ;
We hear their pity and blame.
But we know the fire of our spirit,
And we know we are misunderstood.
We are proud, and despise all the pity ;
And yet we have no voice to speak with,
And needs must abide in our shame.

Not so in olden time, Erin.
Once thou wert famed among nations
For piety, honor, and learning,
Peace, and good-will unto men.
Holy men came from afar off,
Lived tranquil lives in thy shelter,
And, among turbulent nations,
Thou sentest glad tidings again.

But now we are fallen, are fallen !
Discord, and tumult, and murder,
Clamor, and impotent ravings,
Are the voices we give to the world.
We are slaves to our own meanest passions ;
The flag of mad license is brandished,
The flag of old Freedom is furled.

Because of our love of our country,
Because we are simple and trustful,
Because our hearts soon may be fired,
So twice be the shame upon those
Who knew it, — made Erin the watchword
To make us unworthy of Erin,
To goad us to murder and meanness,
And made us our own hardest foes.

And because of our love of our country,
Because we are simple and trustful,
Because our hearts soon may be fired,
O God that a leader would rise,
To speak for our desolate country, —
To show us the way we may serve her,
To wipe out our shame and dishonor,
And open our enemies' eyes !
Spectator. SIDNEY RHYSAGHT.

JUNE.

WHEN first the merry days of June
Are dancing in the meadow green,
Who goes beneath the trees at noon
Shall worship all the summer sheen
That falls with golden light between
The tender, perfect, happy leaves.
There is no sight that could be seen,
Except the wheat's ungathered sheaves,
That has such power of joy upon the heart
that grieves.

For when all men with sorrow bend,
The summer comes with bright young face,
Singing and smiling like a friend,
With voice and motion full of grace ;
"Go, Sorrow, by, and give Joy place !
For happiness is yet alive —
I am the winner in the race ;
While skies are blue, in vain shall strive
Dark griefs to run more swift, and at the goal
arrive."

When music, like a year of light
Without a night throughout the year,
Shall blind us with the sudden sight
Of all we know both glad and dear,
Then vanishes discordant fear,
Then only love is left on earth ;
June is the music that we hear,
That sings the song of summer's birth,
Red roses for the rests, white lilies of pure
worth.

O sunshine dancing in the air
O flickering lights upon the ground !
More lovely than all faces fair,
More like the spirit of sweet sound
Than anything but love is found ;
Eyes of the summer, heart of noon,
Feet of the year that swiftly bound,
By day you dance, by night the moon
Crowns with a crescent crown the sleeping
brows of June.

Cassell's Magazine.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE POETRY OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.*

CLOUGH's first important poem was described as a "Long-Vacation Pastoral," and it is in a pastoral poem, called "Thyrsis," — and a very beautiful pastoral poem, one which may be read by the side of Milton's "Lycidas" without losing by the comparison, — that Matthew Arnold has commemorated the death of the contemporary and friend of whom I am to speak to-night. Yet I think no one would be disposed to term Clough's poetry, poetry exactly of the pastoral order, in spite of the pastoral elements which it undoubtedly contains. For what is pastoral poetry? I remember the time when my favorite aversion — I may almost say, the object of my severest moral indignation — was what I understood to be pastoral poetry. When, on August 10th, 1637, Mr. Edward King was shipwrecked in a crazy vessel bound from Chester for Dublin, all the crew and passengers being lost, nineteen Latin, thirteen English, and three Greek poems were written upon his death by his Cambridge friends, of which one became very famous — Milton's "Lycidas." You remember the general drift of this pastoral, which was at the time much praised for being "a pastoral," on the ground that "both Mr. King and Milton had been designed for Holy Orders and the pastoral care, which," as the phrase went, "gave a peculiar propriety to several passages in it." Such a passage, I suppose, is this exquisitely graceful and musical one: —

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and
rill;

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battering our flocks with the fresh dews of
night

Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright,
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his west-
ering wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;

* Lecture recently delivered at the Philosophical Hall, Leeds.

Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven
heel

From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

My sturdy Yorkshire sense of reality was very much revolted, when I was a lad, by this conventional imagery. "What," I used to say to myself, "can the man mean by talking of himself and Mr. Edward King as having fed their flock upon the self-same hill, and piped on oaten flutes till the rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel from the glad sound would not be absent long? It was all rubbish, of course. Milton and Mr. Edward King were together at Cambridge, and both thought of going into the Church, which has been compared in parable to feeding sheep; but they never did feed even metaphorical flocks together, and certainly never had satyrs, and fauns with cloven heel, dancing to their music. Why can't even poets say what they want to say a little more directly, and without those conventional equivalents for things which are a great deal more interesting to the imagination when adequately conceived, than they are when conceived under the disguise of these fanciful and not very impressive metaphors? Why call Mr. Edward King Lycidas at all? Why set up the fiction that he belonged to ancient Greece, and lived in the circle of mythological ideas, most of which were, as Mr. Pecksniff once remarked, 'Pagan, I regret to say?'" I do not quote these grumblings of mine against the conventions of poetic speech for their wisdom. I am well aware now that it is one test of the power of a great poet to have a certain pleasure in the apt use of a conventional field of fancy, all good verse, indeed, being itself the product of a rare faculty for the apt use of conventional rhythm and artistic — which is, in one sense, artificial — rhyme. It would, indeed, be as absurd to say that to burst into operatic airs is a natural mode of expression for the despairing lover or the assassin, as to say that the most natural mode of expressing the ecstasy of wrath, even of an unhinged mind, is to inveigh in such verses as these, which King Lear launches against the storm: —

Blow, winds! and crack your cheeks! rage!
blow! . . .

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head!

We all know that wrath and misery at their highest point do not, in fact, take orderly imaginative shape in this way. True poetry, in my belief, comes nearer reality than any other effort of human energy; but it always has, always must have, a conventional element in it—an element foreign to the natural products of the bare emotions of men—and this, though it is actually by virtue of the use of that conventional element that it pierces deeper to the core of existence than any one who abjures all convention will ever succeed in piercing. Listen to any woman who has lost all that is dearest to her in life, and she will certainly not say—unless she is insincere and affected—what Cleopatra says on the death of Antony—

And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

All the imaginative expressions of feeling in true poetry are far more perfect, far more elaborate than any one not a charlatan would or could use, under the immediate influence of that emotion. None the less, the expressions which are here, within the conventional license always permitted to a poet, put into Cleopatra's mouth, are the most memorable and magnificent expressions of the sense of loss which the English tongue contains. I referred, then, to my old sentiment of wrath against pastoral poetry, not to justify it,—though I do think that in many schools of poetry the conventional has almost edged out the real, and left us with no spiritual meaning engraven on the background of lackadaisical assumption,—but to indicate what it is, in my opinion, that was alone wanting to Clough, to make him one of the greatest of our poets—I mean a certain pliancy to the more conventional methods of expressing poetic feeling. Clough had many of the elements even of a pastoral poet in him; especially that love of the earth, and the homely things of the earth in their utmost simplicity, which has led, no doubt, to the

supreme idealizing of shepherds and of sheep, and of all the details of pastoral life. He has even written one short pastoral of extreme beauty, describing the feelings with which a Swiss herdsman, whose lover is seeking his fortune far away from her, drives home her little herd through a sudden Alpine storm to their shelter in the byres; and muses, as she presses her three cows onwards through the driving rain, whether her lover will have strength to be faithful to her in the foreign scenes which he is visiting, nay, whether she herself will have strength to be faithful to him, if the time drags on, and no further confirmation of his love for her be received:—

The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)

The rainy clouds are filing fast below,
And wet will be the path, and wet shall we.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Ah dear, and where is he a year agone,
Who stepped beside and cheered us on and on?
My sweetheart wanders far away from me,
In foreign land or on a foreign sea.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)

And through the vale the rains go sweeping
by;

Ah me, and when in shelter shall we be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel they
O'er foreign lands and foreign seas that stray.
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)

And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to mind
The pleasant huts and herds he left behind?
And doth he sometimes in his slumbering see
The feeding kine, and doth he think of me,
My sweetheart wandering wheresoe'er it be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The thunder bellows far from snow to snow,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)

And loud and louder roars the flood below,
Heigh-ho! but soon in shelter shall we be:
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or shall he find before his term be sped,
Some comelier maid that he shall wish to wed?

(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)

For weary is work, and weary day by day
To have your comfort miles on miles away.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or may it be that I shall find my mate,
And he returning see himself too late?
For work we must, and what we see, we see,
And God he knows, and what must be, must
be,

When sweethearts wander far away from me.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The sky behind is brightening up anew,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)

The rain is ending, and our journey, too;
Heigh-ho! ah! for here at home are we:—
In, Rose, and in, Provence and La Palie.

Now, that is a true pastoral, full of pastoral feeling and simplicity, but it has not that background of artificial convention which we find in "Lycidas" or indeed in much more modern pastorals. There is no artificial use in it of the metaphors of the pastoral life such as Matthew Arnold, for instance, in commemorating Clough himself, has freely used. He calls Clough "Thyrsis," just as Milton called Edward King "Lycidas," and reproaches him thus for his dissatisfaction with Oxford life and labor:—

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
But once I knew each field, each flower, each
stick,

And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd pipes we first assayed.
Ah me, this many a year

My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy
heart

Into the world and wave of man depart!
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.
It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy, the country fields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,
Here, with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop and filled his
head.

He went, his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground.
He could not wait their passing,—he is dead.

Here we have the pastoral imagery full-

blown, the pipes, and the shepherds, and the silly sheep, used to describe the rhymings of Oxford students or tutors, the teachers of the university, and the undergraduates whom Clough was no longer content to teach; while "the life of men unblest," "the storms that rage outside our happy ground," had reference, I suppose, to the questions agitated at the time Clough left the university concerning the true conditions of subscription to the Articles of the Church, and Mr. Carlyle's turbulent exhortations to all the world to abjure cant, and to live strictly up or down to the truth that was in him. "Carlyle," says Clough, "led us out into the wilderness, and left us there." And I, for my part, do not at all doubt that it was in great measure Mr. Carlyle's stern exhortations to all men to clear their lives of all misleading professions, which induced Clough to throw up his Oxford fellowship, and which, to use Mr. Arnold's metaphor, made his piping take "a troubled sound." However, this is all by the way. I took the passage from Matthew Arnold's tribute to Clough, only to contrast it with his own poetry, which never adopts the conventional metaphors of the pastoral school of poetry, or conforms to its limits,—except, indeed, those limits of rhythm and rhyme which all verse of any dignity must observe,—and allows itself none of those freedoms with the uses of conventional association of which Milton and Arnold so freely avail themselves.

In one word, Clough was almost too grimly in earnest, even at the very moment he was writing poetry, for the fanciful play of that sheet-lightning of the fancy which—when not indulged too far—adds so much to the charm of the poet. His mind was always fixed on the real world. The greatest poet puts the trouble of the world far from him, in the very moment of imagining and delineating it with his utmost force. It is the imaginative force with which he projects it, so as to make it vividly visible to himself, that really keeps the weight of it off his heart. When Shakespeare makes Macbeth say:

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no
more!

Macbeth does murder sleep."

Sleep no more . . .
 Glamis hath murdered sleep: and therefore
 Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no
 more!

he sheathed, as it were, the mortal anguish of the assassin's guilt in the fine imaginative scabbard of the poet's spiritual expression. No murderer could have said that, or put the feeling of the murderer sufficiently outside his own mind to conceive it. The poet who feels too keenly the griefs of other men—who feels them too much as *they* feel them—can never find the most adequate imaginative expression for them. Just conceive a real human being reproaching his mother in *rhyme*, as Hamlet does for her unfaithfulness to his father,—

A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
 As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Yet the rhyme adds force and point to the imaginative presentation of the reproach, while it would be fatal to the impressiveness of such a reproach in real life. We shall never understand true poetry till we have grasped the uses of the various conventions by which the imaginative presentation of emotion is separated from its natural outpourings. For my part, I believe that Clough would have been a still greater poet than he was—and he was a much greater poet than he is ordinarily believed to be—if he had been able to put the life of what he sang more at a distance from him than he did—to pass it on from his heart to his imagination, and there embody it in enduring forms. It is to this purpose that the conventional element in poetry is so useful. When Milton wrote of Lycidas, he hardly realized that it was Edward King of whom he was writing, or realized it only sufficiently to enable his fancy to play with his sense of loss. When Matthew Arnold sang of Thyrsis, he half concealed from himself that it was Arthur Clough, his old familiar friend, on whose death at Florence he was musing sadly amidst the meads and backwaters of the infant Thames.

Now Clough wrote, for the most part, of what was immediately pressing on his heart, and his poetry is, I think, to some extent injured by the very earnestness and constancy of his individual anxiety concerning the matters with which he dealt. When I first knew him—a man of thirty, with splendid brow, which he would crumple, however, into the oddest folds and plaits, with shining light blue

eyes, and a somewhat florid complexion—he had just thrown up his fellowship at Oriel, because at that time subscription to the Articles of the Church of England was the condition of all these Oxford preferments, and in deference to Carlyle's exhortation to admit no insincerities into one's life, Clough, who felt that he did not believe in the general teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles, thought himself bound to throw up a position inconsistent with his liberty of thought and speech. It was an act of pure conscience, for which every one must reverence him. But its immediate effect upon Clough's mind, character, and imagination, was not, I think, wholly fortunate. He had a great admiration for Carlyle; but, as I have told you, he used to say of him, with a touch of bitterness, "Carlyle led us out into the wilderness, and left us there." And for a time, certainly, Clough himself wandered in the wilderness into which Carlyle had led him—lonely, perplexed, at odds with the society with which he lived, tinged with a Carlylian scorn for the conventional, and yet profoundly conscious of the fitness of the frame in which convention sets a great deal of our social life, desiring to fraternize with those who denounce the conventional, but not finding it very easy—for convention is often the deposit of centuries of instinctive tact and taste, and no one breaks abruptly with convention without feeling naked and ashamed. He was a little Olympian in his manner with strangers and a little embarrassed by the sympathy of friends, for there appeared to be a great depth of pride in Clough. Moreover, he was full of hot thoughts cased in a deep reserve—a dreamer of Utopian dreams, with far too vivid a sense of the strength of our actual habits and prepossessions ever to make a serious attempt at realizing them. He was a passionate foe of luxury and lover of simplicity, though he had a strain of self-consciousness that made his own manner somewhat too silent and stately for perfect simplicity. Another great friend of Clough's and of my own, Walter Bagehot, in whom the world lost too early a very original as well as a very subtle thinker, has incidentally painted Clough's manner so vividly in one of his essays, that I think I cannot do better than read the sentences I refer to. It is in an essay on Henry Crabb Robinson. Speaking of Crabb Robinson's inability to remember names, Bagehot says that in that excellent man's conversation Clough always figured as "that admirable and accom-

plished man — you know whom I mean — the one who never says anything." And in referring to the delight which Crabb Robinson took in reading poems of Wordsworth's at his breakfast parties to his friends, Bagehot goes on, "There are some of Wordsworth's poems at which I never look even now without thinking of the wonderful and dreary faces which Clough used to make while Mr. Robinson was reading them. To Clough, certain of Wordsworth's poems were part of his inner being, and he suffered at hearing them obtruded at meal times, just as a High Churchman would suffer at hearing the Collects of the Church. Indeed, these poems were amongst the Collects of Clough's Church." And Clough remained to the last a silent, reserved, and somewhat perplexed man, a too anxious scanner of his own heart, a contemptuous critic of the comfortable middle-class society of his time, and a kind of Don Quixote whenever he saw a chance of really serving any human being, whether in his own social sphere or not — all the more if in one beneath it — though no one knew better the difficulties of rendering such services truly. In one of his Scotch tours he walked two days over the mountains from a house by the side of Loch Erich to Fort William, and two days back again, only to get the proper medicines for a forester's child who was lying sick of a fever at the former place, beyond the reach of medical help. But it was not often that so strong a man could see his way to serving his fellow-men effectually amidst the perplexities of this complicated world; and hence he moved uneasily about, half inclined to reproach the great spiritual Captain for not sounding the advance in a manner more audible to ears in which so many strange sounds are ringing. It is obvious, I think, that a man with his mind constantly concentrated, as Clough's was, on the desire to make human society more real in its understanding of its duties, and in his conscientious laboriousness to fulfil them, could never be a pastoral poet; and in spite of Clough's love for the simplicities, or rather, perhaps, by reason of it, — for pastoral poetry is conventional in its simplicities, and he was ardent for over-riding conventionalities by the help of some truer insight into nature, — he never was a pastoral poet in any true meaning of the term. There is sometimes a humorous, sometimes a passionate, directness in his manner, which pastoral poets eschew. He could never have invoked the Muse

as Milton invoked her, though he once invokes her in burlesque; he could never have commemorated Arnold, as Arnold commemorated him, as a classical shepherd. Clough was an idealist, but an idealist always pressing for greater reality in life, and he liked neither the fancy dresses of fanciful poetry nor its vague abstractions. Once, I remember, when I praised to him some book with a mystical turn in it, he spread out his hand and called my attention to the fact that his fingers widened, instead of tapering towards the ends, remarking that men whose fingers taper are disposed to symbolism and mysticism, but that men with fingers like his cannot rest on anything but broad and homely fact. At the same time his nature was deeply religious, in spite of his craving to satisfy equally the demands of the intellect and the emotions of the heart. The consequence was, that though in pathos and delicacy of feeling some few of Clough's lyrics have rarely been surpassed, his whole poetic mind needed a freer and larger medium for its expression than any which had been commonly used in English poetry. Sometimes he used blank verse, as in that most characteristic complaint of his that God appears not to encourage us, in these modern days, to spend much time in purely devotional attitudes of feeling: —

It seems His newer will
We should not think of Him at all, but turn,
And of the world that He has given us make
The best we can —

a remark to which he returns again and again, with a sort of heavy groan, in his correspondence. But blank verse was not really a medium suited to Clough's genius, which was, if I may say so, a genius for moving buoyantly under a great weight of superincumbent embarrassment. I have already quoted from Mr. Bagehot a description of the plaits and furrows in his forehead when he listened to those with whom he could not agree, and yet from whom he did not know how to express his difference. I remember, too, how, when I endeavored, in twilight talks with him, to lay any of my youthful perplexities before him, he, in the kindness of his heart and the extreme embarrassment of his intellect as to whether he should do more harm than good by his answers, would pick up with the tongs one little mite of coal after another from the grate and put it on the fire, as a mere physical relief to his perplexed and rather inarticulate feelings towards a junior

whom he only half understood, and was very anxious not to lead into the rather dreary wilderness in which he himself was wandering. Well, this sense of embarrassment, this inertia about him, which was very real and constant, was bound to get some sort of expression in his more intellectual poetry; and he found in the English hexameter, varied, as he varied it, with frequent spondees — *i.e.*, with frequent feet of two protracted syllables, instead of one protracted and two unaccented — just the medium that he desired. For this metre expresses easily not only the resisting medium, but the buoyancy that makes itself felt through the resisting medium. I know no rhythm so effective as the rhythm of Clough's English hexameters for the purpose of expressing at once indomitable buoyancy of feeling and the inert mass of the resistance which that buoyancy of feeling has to encounter. I can illustrate what I mean very simply. In the opening of his "Long Vacation Pastoral" there is a passage describing the speech of the Highland chieftain — not a very grammatical speech, but a thoroughly hearty speech, encountering difficulties at every word, and at every word boldly overcoming them: —

Spare me, O great Recollection! for words to
the task were unequal,
Spare me, O mistress of Song! nor bid me re-
member minutely
All that was said and done o'er the well-mixed
tempting toddy;
How were healths proposed and drunk "with
all the honors,"
Glasses and bonnets waving, and three-times-
three thrice over,
Queen, and Prince, and Army, and Landlords
all, and Keepers;
Bid me not, grammar defying, repeat from
grammar-defiers
Long constructions strange and plusquam-
Thucydidean,
Tell how, as sudden torrent in time of speat in
the mountain
Hurries six ways at once, and takes at last to
the roughest,
Or as the practised rider at Astley's or Fran-
coni's
Skilfully, boldly bestrides many steeds at once
in the gallop,
Crossing from this to that, with one leg here,
one yonder,
So, less skilful, but equally bold, and wild as
the torrent,
All through sentences six at a time, unsuspect-
ing of syntax,
Hurried the lively good-will and garrulous tale
of Sir Hector.

It would be hardly possible, I think, to convey in any rhythm more effectually

the impression of an eager, cordial, and embarrassed speech.

Again, it would be difficult to find a better rhythm than this for the purpose of Clough's peculiar humor. Take another instance, in the description of one of the pupils, the elaborate dresser of the party, as he comes down prepared to go to the Highland banquet: —

Airlie descended the last, effulgent as god of
Olympus;
Blue, perceptibly blue, was the coat that had
white-silk facings,
Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white-tie
finely adjusted,
Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of
crochet of women:
When the fourwheel for ten minutes already
had stood at the gateway,
He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olym-
pian chamber.

In a subsequent part of the poem, a Scotch damsel, with whom the poet and hero has flirted — but not so as to endanger her peace — is "consoled" by this gorgeous youth in the mazes of the Scotch reel: —

Is it, O marvel of marvels! he too in the maze
of the mazy,
Skipping, and tripping, though stately, though
languid, with head on one shoulder,
Airlie, with sight of the waistcoat the golden-
haired Katie consoling?
Katie, who simple and comely, and smiling
and blushing as ever,
What though she wear on that neck a blue
kerchief remembered as Philip's,
Seems in her maidenly freedom to need small
consolement of waistcoats!

Or take this, again, in which one of the party — generally supposed to have been the same who afterwards became a Tory chancellor of the exchequer, now, alas! no more — is described dancing in his ill-fitting Highland costume: —

Him rivalling, Hobbes, briefest-kilted of
heroes,
Enters, O stoutest, O rashest of creatures, mere
fool of a Saxon,
Skill-less of phillibeg, skill-less of reel, too, —
the whirl and the twirl o't:
Him see I frisking, and whisking, and ever at
swifter gyration
Under brief curtain revealing broad acres —
not of broad-cloth.

I do not think it would be possible for either rhythm or words to express more vividly the absurdity of a bulky Saxon's frisks in an unsuitable costume.

But this peculiar metre suited Clough for better reasons than these. I may say that there is no verse like the hexame-

ter managed as Homer managed it, nay, managed even as Clough, with his much less liquid medium, managed it, for grouping in one impressive picture the rhythmic motion and the stubborn massiveness of nature's greatest scenes. If there was a great buoyancy and a great inertia in his own heart which this rhythm strangely echoed, so there is a great buoyancy and a great inertia in the external scenery of the universe, which, by this metre, he harmonizes for us, and frames in one magnificent whole. Take, for instance, this grand description of Highland scenery, and notice at once how the mighty natural forces and great diurnal changes are brought before our eyes in it, and yet with them we are made to see the colossal massiveness of the earth's vast bulk and walls:—

But, O Muse, that encompasseth Earth like the
ambient ether,
Swifter than steamer or railway or magical
missive electric,
Belting like Ariel the sphere with the star-like
trail of thy travel,
Thou with thy Poet, to mortals mere post-
office second-hand knowledge
Leaving, wilt seek in the moorland of Rannoch
the wandering hero.

There is it, there, or in lofty Lochaber,
where, silent upheaving,
Heaving from ocean to sky, and under snow-
winds of September,
Visibly whitening at morn to darken by noon
in the shining,
Rise on their mighty foundations the brethren
hug of Ben-nevis?
There, or westward away, where roads are un-
known to Loch Nevish,
And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to
the westernmost islands?
There is it? there? or there? we shall find our
wandering hero?

Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber, anon
in Lochiel, in
Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and
Ardnamurchan,
Here I see him and here: I see him; anon I
lose him!
Even as cloud passing subtly unseen from
mountain to mountain,
Leaving the crest of Ben-more to be palpable
next on Ben-vohrich,
Or like to hawk of the hill which ranges and
soars in its hunting,
Seen and unseen by turns, now here, now in
ether eludent.

That shows how finely Clough's hexameter expressed the swift velocities and the solid strength of nature. But Clough's hexameters were also singularly well suited to express at once the aggressiveness and the almost mock-heroic imprac-

ticability of the Carlylian doctrine which he desired to urge upon the world in this "Long Vacation Pastoral—The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich," as he called his first hexameter poem.

Clough, as I have said, was saturated with Carlyle's general principles, and not only saturated by them, but, in some degree at least, exhausted by their categorical and rather impossible imperative. But in this poem he had not reached the stage of exhaustion. He still felt all the inspiration of Carlyle's paradoxes, all the charm of his peculiar democracy, which exalts the sacredness of labor, and the sacredness of faculty, and the sacredness of beauty, and the sacredness of almost every real human gift and talent you can imagine, except the results of what he treated as mere circumstance, while it tramples these last under foot with every species of indignity. The hero of the poem begins by preaching, what, indeed, he ends by accepting, that the highest feminine fascinations are enhanced, and not diminished, by participation in homely labor. He tells how his heart was struck for the first time with the sense of the mysterious charm of woman, when he saw some damsel in a potato-field, engaged in potato-uprooting.

One day sauntering "long and listless," as
Tennyson has it,
Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hob-
badiboyhood,
Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless,
bonnetless maiden,
Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden
uprooting potatoes.
Was it the air? who can say? or herself, or the
charm of the labor?
But a new thing was in me; and longing deli-
cious possessed me,
Longing to take her and lift her, and put her
away from her slaving.

But soon the youth awakens to the charm of the aristocratic lady, and then he preaches that there is no injustice in all the labor and toil of the "dim, common populations," if only it bear such fruits as the lovely Lady Maria, with whom he has been dancing in her father's castle. Finally, he rises to his completest statement of the Carlylian doctrine on this subject, which appears to be the following. It is contained in a correspondence between the "poet and Radical, Hewson"—a Carlylese Radical, remember, not a Radical as most of us understand the word—and his tutor, on the arrangements of the universe as they are, and as they ought to be:—

This is a letter written by Philip at Christ-
 mas to Adam.
 There may be beings, perhaps, whose vocation
 it is to be idle.
 Idle, sumptuous even, luxurious, if it must be :
 Only let each man seek to be that for which
 nature meant him.
 If you were meant to plough, Lord Marquis,
 out with you, and do it ;
 If you were meant to be idle, O beggar, be-
 hold, I will feed you.
 If you were born for a groom, and you seem
 by your dress to believe so,
 Do it like a man, Sir George, for pay, in a
 livery stable ;
 Yes, you may so release that slip of a boy at
 the corner,
 Fingering books at the window, misdoubting
 the eighth commandment.
 Ah, fair Lady Maria, God meant you to live
 and be lovely ;
 Be so then, and I bless you. But ye, ye spu-
 rious ware, who
 Might be plain women, and can be by no pos-
 sibility better ! —
 Ye unhappy statuettes, and miserable trinkets,
 Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under
 glass cases,
 Come, in God's name, come down ! the very
 French clock by you
 Puts you to shame with ticking ; the fire-irons
 deride you.
 You, young girl, who have had such advan-
 tages, learnt so quickly,
 Can you not teach ? O yes, and she likes Sun-
 day school extremely,
 Only it's soon in the morning. Away ! if to
 teach be your calling,
 It's no play, but a business : off ! go teach and
 be paid for it.
 Lady Sophia's so good to the sick, so firm and
 so gentle.
 Is there a nobler sphere than of hospital nurse
 and matron ?
 Hast thou for cooking a turn, little Lady
 Clarissa ? in with them,
 In with your fingers ! their beauty it spoils,
 but your own it enhances ;
 For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are
 meant for.
 This was the answer that came from the
 Tutor, the grave man, Adam.
 When the armies are set in array, and the bat-
 tle beginning,
 Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to
 the leftward
 Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall
 do best service ?
 There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who
 arrays our battalions ;
 Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work
 in our stations.
 This was the final retort from the eager, im-
 petuous Philip.
 I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me
 sadly ;
 Children of Circumstance are we to be ? You
 answer, On no wise !

Where does Circumstance end, and Provi-
 dence, where begins it ?
 What are we to resist, and what are we to be
 friends with ?
 If there is battle, 'tis battle by night, I stand
 in the darkness,
 Here in the *mêlée* of men, Ionian and Dorian
 on both sides,
 Signal and password known ; which is friend
 and which is foeman ?
 Is it a friend ? I doubt, though he speak with
 the voice of a brother.
 Still, you are right, I suppose ; you always are,
 and will be ;
 Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to
 the duty of order.
 Yet it is my feeling rather to ask, where *is* the
 battle ?
 Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, notwith-
 standing my Elspie,
 O that the armies indeed were arrayed ! O
 joy of the onset !
 Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth,
 Great Cause, to array us,
 King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrow-
 ing seek thee.
 Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O
 where is the battle !
 Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in
 Israel,
 Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
 Backed by a solemn appeal, "For God's sake
 do not stir, there !"
 Yet you are right, I suppose ; if you don't
 attack my conclusion,
 Let us get on as we can, and do the thing we
 are fit for ;
 Every one for himself, and the common success
 for us all, and
 Thankful, if not for our own why then for the
 triumph of others,
 Get along, each, as we can, and do the thing
 we are meant for.
 I think in that passage it will be clear
 enough that Clough's form of Carlyle's
 democracy was not working itself out very
 clear, and that we need not wonder at his
 being reported soon after as saying that
 Carlyle had led us out into the wilderness,
 and left us there. But is it possible to
 conceive a rhythm better adapted for the
 express purpose of conveying buoyancy
 of feeling and hope moving through a
 medium of "infinite jumble and mess and
 dislocation" — which is Clough's edition
 of Carlyle's gospel — than the rhythm of
 the hexameters of the passage I have just
 read you ?
 But the sense of desolation and half-
 disdainful bewilderment is not at its
 height in the "Long Vacation Pastoral."
 In 1849, after its publication, Clough went
 to Rome, and was there during the siege
 of Rome by the French, and its defence
 by the triumvirate. It was there that he

wrote what I regard as the most striking poem of his life, but also the most perfect expression of the impotence to which Carlyle's gospel, taken alone, leads a mind which, beyond what it found in Carlyle, had little but its deep admiration of the old classical strength to sustain it. This poem was, again, in hexameter verse, and called by Clough "Amours de Voyage," which might, perhaps, be translated "Loves of the Way." One of the mottoes prefixed to it is from Shakespeare:

Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio!
And taste with a distempered appetite.

Another is, "Il doutait de tout, même de l'amour."

And here, again, is the poet's own prelude, which shows in how doubting a mood he went to look upon the glories of the Old World:—

Over the great windy waters, and over the
clear-crested summits,
Unto the sun and the sky, and unto the perfect
earth,

Come, let us go,—to a land wherein gods of
the old time wandered,

Where every breath even now changes to
ether divine.

Come, let us go; though withal a voice whisper,
"The world that we live in,

Whithersoever we turn, still is the same narrow
crib;

'Tis but to prove limitation, and measure a
cord, that we travel;

Let who would 'scape and be free go to his
chamber and think;

'Tis but to change idle fancies for memories
wilfully falsen;

'Tis but to go and have been."—Come,
little bark! let us go.

And here is his own criticism on his own work, as, not without a distinct resurrection of his old classical enthusiasm, he finally concludes it:—

So go forth to the world, to the good report
and the evil!

Go, little book! thy tale, is it not evil and
good?

Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by
without answer.

Go, and if curious friends ask of thy rearing
and age,

Say, "I am flitting about many years from
brain unto brain of

Feeble and restless youths born to inglorious
days:

But," so finish the word, "I was writ in a Roman
chamber,

When from Janiculan heights thundered the
cannon of France.

I call this the most perfect of Clough's poems, because it is hardly possible to bring out with more striking poetic force

than Clough does in it the state of mind of an enthusiast for the antique type of man, who, for his modern experience, had been led into the wilderness by Carlyle, and left there. You see, one by one, almost all Carlyle's crotchets dissolved in a classical tincture not at all Carlylian; his scorn for history itself, so far as history is not heroic; his detestation of formulæ; his contempt for the smug middle-class; his disposition to mock at the sentimentalities of life; his hatred of the Jesuits; his grim preference for *Sans-culottes*; and yet you see all these feelings blended almost equally with an enthusiasm for the great classical ideals of which Carlyle, in his Scotch peasanthood, had little or no trace. A more impressive picture of a doubting mind that doubted everything—even love—and yet did not doubt that the classical grandeur was grandeur indeed, and that a disdainful classical fortitude has in it an element of strength which is not otherwise to be found by those who cannot believe very genuinely in any spiritual revelation, is not, I think, in existence, than that presented in "Amours de Voyage." It is a painful picture, a picture of a morbid condition of mind deliberately drawn, but, nevertheless, most powerfully drawn, and full of lasting memories. I can give you but a glimpse, here and there, of the results. Claude goes to Rome, sick of everything, and finds his general impression of Rome, in the first instance, one that he can only describe thus:—

Rubbishy seems the word that most exactly
would suit it,

All the foolish destructions and all the sillier
savings,

All the incongruous things of past incompatible
ages,

Seem to be treasured up here, to make fools of
present and future.

Rome, he says, disappoints him much,
but soon he "shrinks, and adapts himself
to it:"—

Rome, believe me, my friend, is like its own
Monte Testaceo,

Merely a marvellous mass of broken and cast-
away wine-pots.

Ye gods! what do I want with this rubbish of
ages departed,

Things that Nature abhors, the experiments
that she has failed in?

What do I find in the Forum? An archway
and two or three pillars.

Well, but St. Peter's? Alas, Bernini has filled
it with sculpture!

No one can cavil, I grant, at the size of the
great Coliseum.

Doubtless the notion of grand and capacious
and massive amusement,
This the old Romans had; but tell me, is this
an idea?

Yet of solidity much, but of splendor little is
extant:

"Brickwork I found thee, and marble I left
thee!" their Emperor vaunted;

"Marble I thought thee, and brickwork I find
thee!" the Tourist may answer.

In this temper, he meets with a banker's
family, to whom he is introduced by a
friend, and moralizes on them after Car-
lyle's own heart:—

Middle-class people these, bankers very likely,
not wholly

Pure of the taint of the shop; will at table
d'hôte and restaurant

Have their shilling's worth, their penny's pen-
nyworth even;

Neither man's aristocracy this, nor God's, God
knoweth!

Yet they are fairly descended, they give you to
know, well connected;

Doubtless somewhere in some neighborhood
have, and are careful to keep, some

Threadbare-genteel relations, who in their turn
are enchanted

Grandly among county people to introduce at
assemblies

To the unpenned cadets our cousins with ex-
cellent fortunes.

Neither man's aristocracy this, nor God's, God
knoweth!

Soon, however, Mr. Claude "shrinks, and
adapts himself" not only to Rome, but to
the worthy Trevellyns:—

Is it contemptible, Eustace—I'm perfectly
ready to think so,—

Is it,—the horrible pleasure of pleasing infer-
rior people?

I am ashamed my own self; and yet true it is,
if disgraceful,

That for the first time in life I am living and
moving with freedom.

I, who never could talk to the people I meet
with my uncle,—

I, who have always failed,—I, trust me, can
suit the Trevellyns;

I, believe me,—great conquest, am liked by
the country bankers.

And I am glad to be liked, and like in return
very kindly.

So it proceeds; *Laissez faire, laissez aller*,—
such is the watchword.

Well, I know there are thousands as pretty
and hundreds as pleasant,

Girls by the dozen as good, and girls in abun-
dant with polish

Higher and manners more perfect than Susan
or Mary Trevellyn.

Well, I know, after all, it is only juxtaposi-
tion,—

Juxtaposition is short; and what is juxtaposi-
tion?

And so the poem goes on, showing how
Mr. Claude half falls in love with Mary
Trevellyn, and half despises himself for
doing so; how the French troops appear,
and Mr. Claude questions himself what
he should do if he were expected to lay
down his life for "the British female." Subsequently he sees, or believes he sees,
a man killed, but he explains to his read-
ers his profound doubt as to what he had
seen, and how small the evidence on
which he can allege that he did see it.
He saw a crowd dragging somebody or
something; he saw bare swords in the
air; he saw pleading hands and hands
putting back; he saw the swords descend,
a hewing, a chopping; he saw them after-
wards stained with red. He stooped,
and "through the legs of the people saw
the legs of a body," and went away sup-
posing that he had seen a man killed, but
profoundly convinced that he had very
little to go upon, if the fact should be
seriously doubted.

The Trevellyns leave Rome, and Mr.
Claude is greatly offended by having his
"intentions" inquired after by his friend
Vernon, who marries the other daughter.
This throws him into a fever of self-dis-
trust and distrust of others. At first he
will not follow them; then he absolves
the lady of all complicity, and will follow
them. Then he loses their track, partly
regains it, is more and more doubtful of
himself and of his own inner mind, and
at last gives up his pursuit of love, as he
has apparently given up his pursuit of re-
ligion, from profound distrust of his own
power to test the value of his own yearn-
ings. The love-affair ends as follows:—

After all, do I know that I really cared so
about her?

Do whatever I will, I cannot call up her image;
For when I close my eyes, I see, very likely,
St. Peter's,

Or the Pantheon façade, or Michael Angelo's
figures,

Or, at a wish, when I please, the Alban hills
and the Forum;

But that face, those eyes,—ah no, never any-
thing like them;

Only, try as I will, a sort of featureless outline,
And a pale blank orb, which no recollection
will add to.

After all, perhaps there was something facti-
tious about it;

I have had pain, it is true: I have wept, and so
have the actors.

Not as the Scripture says, is, I think, the fact.
Ere our death-day,

Faith, I think, does pass, and Love; but
Knowledge abideth.

Let us seek Knowledge; the rest may come
and go as it happens.

Knowledge is hard to seek, and harder yet to
adhere to.

Knowledge is painful often; and yet when we
know, we are happy.

Seek it, and leave mere Faith and Love to
come with the chances.

And so the ravelled threads of the poem
are all cut, in the end. The fall of the
Roman Republic ends it in one way, the
exhaling of the lover's dreams in another;
while the final expression of a conviction
that knowledge is greater than love, and
that none the less you have not knowledge
enough to guide yourself, but must leave
that guidance "to the chances" — which
are perhaps not controlled by any higher
love — ends the poem intellectually,
with a sharp click of the rationalistic
shears.

It would, however, be most unjust to
Clough to suppose that this poem, though
it clearly represented his state of mind at
one epoch of his life, was meant to picture
his deepest and truest convictions. How far
he might trust the spiritual emotions which
were so strong in him, Clough never clearly
made out; but it was his deepest and final
belief that, more or less, trust them you
must, and rather more than less. In this,
as it seems to me, he differs, and differs
for the better, from one who has the advantage
of him often in the form and perfectness of
imaginative expression, and who writes much
on the same themes, I mean his friend and
brother-poet, Matthew Arnold. In Arnold,
the "lyrical cry" is as delicate and true as
it is in Clough, but the poet has nothing like
equal confidence that it comes from the same
depth, that it speaks with the same authority.
If you will read — I hardly dare trust
myself to read to you, here — the impressive,
the overpowering lines which Clough wrote
under the heavy sense of the overflowing
sinfulness of Naples, the burden of which was
that Christ is not risen, and could not be
risen, in spite of all the asseverations of
loving disciples and tender women who
affirmed that they had seen him in his
risen form, or else it were impossible that
all this evil should have been generated and
grown up under the very shadow of his
reign; and the less powerful, but still most
genuine recantation, in which he unsays
his bitter words, and declares that, nevertheless,
"in the great Gospel and true creed, Christ
is yet risen indeed, Christ is yet risen;" and
if you will compare these with the lines in which Mat-

thew Arnold — it is in the second set of
stanzas addressed to the author of "Obermann"
— makes his touching and tender, but
hopeless wail over the burial of the great
Christian hope — you will see, I think,
what I mean, when I say that while Arnold
feels what Clough felt, he does not attach to
those deeper feelings the sense of final and
overpowering authority which Clough, reason
on it as he would, was compelled to attach to
them. • Clough would not have written, as
Arnold wrote:

While we believed on earth he went,
And open stood his grave;
Men called from chamber, Church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.
Now he is dead, far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

No; Clough expressed with a passion
that struggles through a pent-up and
heaving breast — a passion not of poetic
feeling, but of bleeding and lacerated faith
— his sense of the almost irreconcilable
inconsistency between the triumph of our
Lord's religion and the triumph of the
world's evil; but doubt as he would, the
higher buoyancy of the spiritual faith
asserted itself at last, and vague as his
faith undoubtedly was, the final note is
always exultation, and not mild despondency.
"In the great Gospel and true creed, Christ
is yet risen, indeed, Christ is yet risen."

I must give you one piece, in which the
note of exultation is predominant, before I
conclude. It was written, no doubt, during
the latter part of Clough's life at Oxford,
when many of his early friends had
followed Dr. Newman into the Roman
Catholic Church; while some were, like
himself, rather disposed to follow Carlyle
into a Church not at all Catholic, but
rather, grim, violent, and picturesquely
dim. Clough felt these sudden separations
with that depth of tender feeling which
always marked his friendships, and expressed
his own emotion in the following
marvellously beautiful lines: —

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered —
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides —
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
At last, at last, unite them there !

To my ear, that exulting strain is hardly ever absent from any of Clough's deeper poems. Even in the poem which represents his most cynical mood — the "Amours de Voyage" — you hear it rising again and again, and sometimes swelling till it all but drowns the doubter in him. His nature had in it the deepest sympathy with "the blithe breeze and the great seas," which seem to image all that is most elastic in the universe — the elasticity which is at bottom spiritual and not physical, which represents the indomitable power and indomitable love of God. From that buoyant and elastic spirit Clough's poetry borrowed the very breath of its life, and I would fain hope that those who, in spite of the gravest differences from him, "in light, in darkness too," strain onwards like him, may one day find the same port which he, I am sure, has long since entered.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LITTLE WORLD: A STORY OF JAPAN.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

I.

WHEN Yokohama was first opened to European trade in 1859, there arrived one fine day in one of the earliest steamers from Shanghai a tall, slim young Irishman, with fair hair and bright blue eyes. While the boats were being got ready to land the passengers, he stood on deck whistling, and gazing attentively at the little town lying in a crescent before him,

which looked at that time more like a fishing village than the emporium of the newly opened commerce between Europe and Japan. At some little distance from the landing-place the traveller noted a wooden building, over which the English flag was waving. He took particular notice of this spot ; and on jumping ashore a few minutes later, went straight into the British Consulate — for that was the edifice in question — without asking the way of anybody. Indeed the oldest resident in Yokohama could not have shown more topographical self-reliance than the new-comer.

A burly servitor was standing at the door of the official residence.

"Consul at home?" asked the fresh arrival, with the slightest possible movement of the head, and pointing towards the open door.

The officer seemed shocked at the familiarity with which his superior was spoken of, and replied with serious dignity, —

"Mr. Robert Mitchell, her Majesty's consul for Japan, is in his office."

The traveller, upon whom this reprimand did not seem to make the very slightest impression, proceeded to enter the building ; but the constable, barring his entrance, gruffly said, —

"Your card, sir, if you please !"

The stranger looked at this pompous representative of the English police in Japan with some astonishment, but at once handed him the card with a quiet smile, saying, —

"Very well ; here it is."

The man went in without saying another word, and returning immediately, pointed to a door, and invited the stranger to enter. The traveller, without hesitation, turned the handle, and with a firm step entered a large, well-lighted room, where a handsome young Englishman sat enthroned behind a big, ledger-looking book. Waiting a few seconds, and seeing that no notice was taken of him, the new-comer at last approached the desk and said, in a rather loud but agreeable voice, —

"I have come here to register myself in the books of the consulate as a British subject," at the same time handing the consul his passport.

"You arrived to-day?" asked the commercial representative of his country.

"Ten minutes ago."

"In the 'Cadiz,' Captain M'Gregor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the steamer bring the mails?"

"Yes."

"To whom is she consigned?"

"To Dana & Co."

The consul had meanwhile examined the passport, and finding it satisfactory, copied the following entry from the official document into the open register before him: "Thomas Ashbourne — British subject — Dublin, Ireland — civil engineer."

He then wrote on the passport in large figures, with red ink, the number 13, and returned it to its owner.

The new arrival looked at it carefully, shook his head, elevated his eyebrows, and stared again and again at the ominous figure. There was something comically familiar in his attitude, but her Majesty's consul for Japan, who in those days was considered a personage of very great importance, did not seem at all inclined to place himself with Mr. Ashbourne on the footing of equality apparently solicited. He contented himself, therefore, by saying, —

"The fee, sir, is five dollars, if you please." Ashbourne handed over the sum, and addressing the consul in an altered tone of the strictest formality, said,

"May I take the liberty of asking you, sir, what is the meaning of that large number '13' which you have just written so beautifully in red ink on my passport?"

"Oh, that signifies your entry in the consular register."

"Ahem!" murmured Ashbourne with a thoughtful air; "then I must tell you, Mr. Consul, that I have drawn a confoundingly bad number."

"Well, somebody had to draw it."

"Yes, of course; and somebody will be drowned this year, and somebody must also be hanged this year. I don't like that number '13.' I consider it the very worst in the whole system of figures! But that is the well-deserved reward for being too forward. Why on earth did I make a bet with myself, that without asking my way of anybody, I would be the first of all the passengers on board the 'Cadiz' to call on the English consul? Had I joined my fellow-travellers, I should only have been registered five minutes later, and then perhaps another might have drawn this unlucky number — and welcome to it, as far as I am concerned."

"A very unchristian remark," interposed the consul, forgetting for a moment his official dignity so far as to address a guileless traveller in a semi-familiar manner.

"Come, now, I don't see that at all, Mr. Consul. Some misfortune must take place in this wretched world, but everybody has a right to wish that he should be exempted from it. For my own part I am quite willing to leave the whole sum of misery that is daily endured on our planet to any one of my fellows. But look, there come three of them now. I will detain you no longer. I have the honor, Mr. Consul," and he concluded by bowing himself out of the august presence of her Majesty's commercial representative in Japan.

The three gentlemen who now entered were English merchants, who, without uttering one unnecessary word, got themselves registered under the numbers 14, 15, and 16, as Mr. M'Bean from Glasgow, Mr. Haslett from Manchester, and Mr. West from London. Then leaving the consulate, these three travellers — who, during the long passage from Shanghai to Yokohama had become well acquainted with each other — made off in the direction of the foreign settlement. When about a hundred paces on their way they met a young man, who silently saluted them without moving a muscle of his pale face, and whose cold recognition they returned in the same manner. The man having passed, M'Bean remarked, —

"A strange and mysterious fellow this Jervis. I can't say that I have taken a great liking to him."

"Nor I," said West and Haslett in succession.

The stranger, in truth, could not boast of a prepossessing exterior, though it would have been difficult to define the displeasing elements in him. He was tall, slim, and well built, with a light, quick step; and in his movements there was something stealthy and elastic, like the gait of a cat. His smooth-combed hair was of a deep black hue, in remarkable contrast with his clear, northern complexion and bright, gray eyes. His sharply marked features showed a bold and noble profile; but looking full at that smooth-shaven face and high, narrow forehead, the observer could not help remarking the prominent cheek-bones, the large mouth with thin, firmly closed lips, the heavy jaw and broad chin, which gave to the whole visage an appearance of great energy, combined with coldness and reserve.

On Mr. Jervis entering the consul's office he found that dignity again deeply lost in the study of the big book aforesaid; so he waited in patience, motionless,

until it should please the consequential man of affairs to take notice of his presence. At last her Majesty's representative slowly raised his eyes, and in a very formal manner begged to know in what way he could be of service to his visitor. Jervis made the same reply as the travelling trio had done a few minutes previously. He was an English merchant, he said, and wished to settle in Yokohama.

"Your passport, please."

This carefully folded document was taken from a large leather pocket book and handed to the consul. Now Mr. Jervis must have been a great traveller, for his passport was covered with the official stamps of most countries.

"Jervis? — Jervis?" pensively murmured the consul to himself. Then lifting his eyes from the paper and carefully scrutinizing his visitor for several seconds — "Ahem!" he observed, "I knew a gentleman of your name in Singapore, — James Jervis, — yes; exactly your name. I recollect him well — very well; he used to be known familiarly as 'J. J.' in the foreign community. May have been a relative of yours?"

"No, sir," was the curt response.

"I wonder," continued the consul, unbending somewhat, "what has become of 'J. J.' He was a restless fellow, drank a great deal, gambled, and I am afraid must have come to a bad end."

Mr. Jervis made a slight, significant movement, as if to say that all this did not interest him in the least; and then the consul, who seemed to be sorry for having so far forgotten his dignity as to enter into something like a private conversation with a pure stranger, closed the interview by remarking in his habitual dry, official tone, "The fee is five dollars, please."

This amount was paid, and the newcomer left the room. Outside, and with his back to the constable, who kept looking at his retreating form, he stood for a moment lost in deep thought. He pensively stroked his massive chin, and an expression of uneasiness mingled with sadness, which gave a softer expression to his severe countenance, came over him. Then, sighing deeply, he murmured to himself, "Forward!" and walking with long, regular steps, he followed his travelling companions towards the foreign settlement.

II.

Six months had gone by since Ashbourne and Jervis arrived in Japan. Their fellow-travellers, West, Haslett, and

M'Bean, fell into a quiet, humdrum kind of life in Yokohama; but the two former, by dint of superior energy and ambition, had risen to prominent positions in the little foreign colony which, at the beginning of 1860, counted about two hundred members, the majority by far being Englishmen and Americans. They were all mostly young men, so that Ashbourne and Jervis, who were both about twenty-eight or thirty years old, ranked among the seniors of the society. Fond of pleasure and eager for activity, they displayed unceasing zeal to make a purse as quickly as possible; at the same time they were always ready to court danger and adventure, for which, indeed, in those days there was plenty of scope.

Life in Japan was not very safe at that time. Within a few months several foreigners had been attacked and murdered by the natives, who looked with fear and hatred upon alien intruders. But this did not prevent the foreigners from making long excursions in the neighborhood of Yokohama, with no other purpose than to have a good ride, or see something new, and discover some picturesque spot unknown to the other members of their community. The incidents of these exploratory tours were then detailed in the evening at the club, with more or less romantic embellishment; and if anything beautiful or remarkable were reported, the stay-at-home spirits would make arrangements for emulating the enterprise of their companions, and on the following day a small company of gay young fellows would set out to view the newly discovered country. These excursions, however, were never without danger. Many of the natives looked with intense hatred upon the tall, white-faced men who, laughing and singing, swaggered through their streets, boldly intruded into the silence of their temples and their peaceful homes, and displayed manners which inspired their women and children with fear. But the strangers took little heed of this. With heavy riding-whips in their hands and revolvers in their belts, two or three of them scrupled not to enter a thickly populated village and curiously examine everything that attracted their attention, ready at any moment to defend their lives against overwhelming odds, or fly on their swift Japanese ponies from any outbreak of the furious inhabitants. The only caution ever observed was that they carefully rode in the middle of the road, the better to scrutinize men and things right and left of them. These excursions, too, were

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very frequently repeated, as the danger connected with them had a powerful charm for the youthful Hotspurs; and nobody wanted to remain behind the other.

Now, among all these young adventurers, Ashbourne and Jervis probably stood in highest repute, for to them were due more interesting expeditions in the neighborhood of Yokohama than to any other members of the community. The former, in particular, had gained a wide popularity by his good temper and affectionate disposition. He was known by the nickname of *Djusanban*, which is Japanese for "13," because he was constantly complaining about his great and unmerited misfortune in drawing that odd and ominous number.

"Look you," he used to say, with a face which made it difficult to determine whether he was in jest or earnest, "you will see that something unlucky will happen to me before I leave here." Certainly in his own profession he was rather unfortunate. The Japanese did not seem much inclined to employ him in his proper capacity as engineer; and as he neither had means nor inclination to engage in business, he had established a newspaper called the *Japan Sun*, the first English journal ever published in Yokohama. True it is that this enterprising organ was only issued in an edition of two hundred copies; but the high rates of subscription and advertising brought to the sole proprietor a comfortable little income, which enabled him to live and keep a horse and the usual five servants: to wit, a *comprador* or cashier, a *kotzhoi* or valet, a *momban* or porter, a *betto* or groom, and a *kuli* or man-of-all-work. Besides this, Mr. Ashbourne, as proprietor of the light-diffusing *Sun*, had become a very influential kind of person, acting, so to speak, as a connecting link between the government officials and the business men.

Mr. Jervis, on the other hand, owed the position he enjoyed to quite other circumstances. He had now lived for six months in the midst of the society of young men who carried their hearts upon their tongues; but he had not formed an intimate acquaintance with any of them. All agreed, however, that he was the most daring steeplechase-rider, the swiftest runner, the best boatman, the boldest swimmer, and, in fact, the unrivalled champion in all athletic sports. Added to this, he was always giving striking proofs of his utter fearlessness. Even the reckless Ashbourne seldom strolled of an evening through the city without an

accompanying native henchman; but as for Jervis, he never allowed a single holiday to pass without making long solitary excursions into the country, often returning after deep darkness had set in. From Shanghai he had brought with him a strong Tartar pony, which he had trained with great care, making the animal, that was naturally obstinate and wicked, thoroughly obedient to his slightest wish. Tautai—that was the name of the wiry little brute—was not afraid of taking any obstacle, and had great endurance under fatigue.

"One of these fine days," said Ashbourne once, "Jervis will get cut to pieces. He can ride, it is true, and he has a splendid horse, but all that is of no use when you are attacked from behind and in the dark; and Jervis exposes himself to that kind of danger seven times a week."

On stormy days Jervis would step into his little boat and sail far away out into the sea, till he almost became invisible from the shore.

"If Jervis is not killed ashore," remarked Ashbourne one day, looking at the ever-receding form of his companion from the club-window through a telescope, "he will certainly be drowned. In fact I have an obituary notice of him ready in the pigeon-holes of the *Sun*. I myself am a good sailor. I was brought up on the shores of the Irish Channel, which is pretty rough water; but I do declare it is tempting Providence, and nothing else, to go out to sea in such a nutshell, and in such weather."

"He that was born to be hanged will never be drowned," cynically observed M'Bean, who had never overcome the antipathy to Jervis which he first contracted on the passage with him from Shanghai to Yokohama.

"Come now, M'Bean, why do you want Jervis to be hanged?" asked Ashbourne.

"I don't know," thoughtfully replied the Scotsman; "but he looks somehow or other as if he deserved it."

Not only in his business transactions, but also in playing cards—two occupations which engrossed most of the time of "the pioneers of civilization," as the *Sun* had magniloquently dubbed the members of the foreign community—Jervis had shown himself unscrupulous and reckless. He seemed, it is true, to have very considerable means at his disposal, though nobody knew or suspected where he got them; but more than one were

irritated at the exceptionally good fortune which always seemed to attend him in every commercial undertaking, as well as with his gambling. Fearlessness, however, is a quality which commands more respect from ardent youth than any other; and if Jervis was not the best liked, he certainly was one of the most respected members of the community. But he did not seem to care very much for the distinction; and his indifference in this respect had even something offensive in the eyes of his companions. No success in trade, no personal compliments, could ever bring a smile or a well-pleased look into his cold, thin face. In America, where he had lived, he said, for some years, he had learned the habit of "whittling;" and whenever anybody praised him to his face, he would sit quietly whittling away and working with his knife as if engaged in an occupation that required all his serious attention.

It was the month of April, and the first spring races were to take place at Yokohama. As may be readily imagined, the officers of the English regiment then stationed in Japan, with a number of young civilian fellows and business men, took the warmest interest in this great event. Every morning some twenty or thirty horsemen could be seen on the turf, busily engaged in training themselves and their cattle for the approaching contest. Ashbourne had been appointed secretary of the sporting club, and ruled there supreme. He was not only, however, busy with his own animal, but had also to take care of half-a-dozen others, having promised several friends to look after their interests at the races.

Jervis, too, always turned up there early in the morning, but to all appearance only as a spectator. Not once had he put his short-legged pony into a canter, but paced slowly up and down the course, giving advice here and there, though otherwise speaking very little, and looking with an unfriendly — one might almost say sneering, envious — eye upon his comrades.

One day he came up to Ashbourne, who was trying to get his horse down a steep drop — an obstacle which is very common in Japan in consequence of the terraced-like nature of the rice-fields, and in some instances necessitates a jump of from ten to twelve feet, which most of the Japanese horses take very cleverly. It was on the brink of such a drop, then, that Ashbourne stood urging his pony forward with whip and spur; but the frightened animal only spread its forelegs and would

not budge an inch, and kicked furiously at every application of the spurs.

"Shall I give you a lead?" at last said Jervis, who had been watching Ashbourne for some time.

"By all means, if your Chinaman is not afraid; but it's an ugly place, and I doubt whether Tautai will take it."

"Come back then, and I will show you."

They receded about thirty yards, and on reapproaching the drop, Tautai went over without a moment's hesitation, while Ashbourne's pony stopped short on the brink and again replied with kicks and snorts to the spurs and whip of his master.

"Shall I take your pony down for you?" asked Jervis from below.

But Ashbourne did not reply; and Jervis making a short detour, was again by his companion's side.

"Let me try it," he said.

Changing horses, they again retired a short distance, and readvanced in a sharp canter to the edge of the drop. But the same scene was enacted as before. Tautai made the descent gracefully and easily, whilst the Japanese pony again stood still, perversely determined not to follow the good example set him by the Chinaman.

"Shall I take you down?" exclaimed Ashbourne laughingly from below.

"Thanks; I'll do that myself," moodily replied Jervis, as drawing back he pulled the horse in a brutal manner round and round; and then pressing the spurs deep into his flanks, he went at a furious pace towards the bank. The animal rushed blindly forward, and in a moment was at the dangerous spot, where it made a last attempt to resist by rearing; but it was too late. Spurs and whip cruelly applied sent it forward. For one moment horse and rider hovered in the air. Then both fell heavily down by the side of Ashbourne, who had been an attentive witness of this bold equestrian feat. Jervis was on his legs in a twinkling, and caught hold of the reins of the horse, which by some chance had escaped unhurt. A girth had been broken and the reins had got entangled: that was all.

"Well done!" cried Ashbourne; "there is no one in Japan who will do that after you. But you might have broken your neck."

"It is not half so dangerous as it looks," replied Jervis quietly, "at least not for the rider. I must confess, however, that I risked the legs of your pony."

He then assisted Ashbourne to put

the leathers right, and both set out on their way to Yokohama.

It had been a hot day, and the violent exercise, too, had warmed the young men; so they began to fan their dripping foreheads with their handkerchiefs. Presently Ashbourne, looking at his companion, called out with a loud laugh, —

"Why, what on earth have you been doing, Jervis? You look like a nigger. Your forehead is as black as if it were painted."

Jervis was silent for a moment, and then replied in an indifferent kind of way,

"Oh, it's nothing; only some of the mould from the rice-field which must have got into my hair."

A minute afterwards, however, he quitted the side of his companion, under pretext of taking a short cut across the fields; and without waiting for answer or remonstrance, jumped a ditch and was soon out of sight. Ashbourne looked after him thoughtfully. There was a strange confusion in Jervis's manner, for which he could suggest to himself no explanation.

Having galloped for a mile or two across lonely fields and woods, Jervis arrived at a little tea-house, hidden among the hills, where he seemed a well-known and a welcome guest. At his request the handsome young hostess brought him some warm water, and other necessary toilet material, with which he retired into a small private room, and locking himself in, emerged after a brief interval with a clean countenance, and his glossy black hair arranged as carefully as ever.

III.

THE great day was over. Ashbourne had taken part in eight out of twelve races, and had won no fewer than three. Jervis, however, who had on all sides been requested to ride, had firmly declined, alleging that he was suffering from a headache, which the heat and excitement of the day would only make worse. Most people, it is true, looked upon this as a shallow excuse; though they had to be satisfied with it.

But Jervis had nevertheless taken an active interest in the race; for being considered a most competent sporting man, he had been requested to act as judge.

In the evening the committee of the racing club, with several young officers and other prominent members of the community, sat down to a festive entertainment in Ashbourne's rooms.

By and by, of course, they became very

gay and loud, — and the toasts — "Absent Friends;" "The Old Folks at Home;" "The Ladies;" "The Secretary of the Racing Club;" "The Starter;" "The Judge," etc. — were proposed and enthusiastically responded to. So fast and enthusiastic, too, became the fun, that finally there was not one of the twenty-five men assembled whose special health had not been drunk with all the honors.

At about eleven o'clock the noise, confusion, and merriment seemed to have reached a climax. But Jervis alone, though he had emptied his glass at every toast, continued sober, silent, and cold; and whilst his companions were sitting, conformably to the dictates of the climate, in every picturesque variety of cool and delicious *déshabillé*, singing, gesticulating, and talking, with sparkling eyes and flushed faces, he remained all through serious and stiff, as if at a state dinner. Not one hair of his well-combed glossy locks was disarranged on his smooth forehead. Suddenly the loud and hearty voice of Ashbourne called out, "Order, gentlemen! silence!" but the request had to be repeated several times before attentive quiet could be restored.

"Gentlemen," then said the host and chairman, "I have just made a wager of a second 'spread' like what we have had to-day; and you must decide whether myself or M'Bean shall have the honor of standing it. Will you act as judges?"

"Yes! yes!" was the reply from twenty eager voices.

"Well, listen, then."

"Hear, hear! Order!"

"The story is a little long, and you must not interrupt me."

"Hear, hear! Begin! Order! The story!"

"Well, then, I have just been trying to explain to my honorable friend M'Bean the old theory of 'The Little World.' You know, of course, what I mean."

"Certainly not," exclaimed one of the guests; "you don't know yourself."

Ashbourne sat down with a comic look of feigned indignation, but he was at once requested to continue; and on peace being again restored, he complied. In the first place, he vouchsafed to explain the meaning of his boasted theory. "The world," he said, "had become so small, that every one must needs know everybody else; and in order to prove the truth of this assertion, he would undertake to show that, directly or indirectly, he had been connected with every one of his guests before making their acquaintance

in Yokohama. M'Bean," he added, "maintains that I shall not succeed in proving these pre-Japanese relations; and this is the subject of our bet. I will therefore now, with your kind permission, right honorable gentlemen, proceed to prove —"

But the right honorable gentlemen were not at all inclined to listen any more, as Ashbourne had already spoken long and explicitly. After a while, however, the idea began to amuse the company, and everybody soon began to grow interested in Ashbourne's cross-examination of his neighbors, which turned out to lend powerful support to his hypothesis. After a few questions, for example, addressed to his right-hand neighbor, Mr. Mitchell — the English consul — it was found that this gentleman had been at Rugby with Ashbourne's brother. On this occasion, too, the guests learned for the first time that their host actually had a brother.

"You will soon make his acquaintance," said Ashbourne; "I expect him here in a few weeks, and he will attend to all your legal business. For my brother Daniel is a lawyer, and a very excellent one too, as you will soon learn if you give him anything to do. He had a good practice in Limerick: but while my dear countrymen are rather fond of quarrelling, they are not always quite so much inclined to pay for the settlement of it; and my brother, who is not a man to press his clients, could not get on. So on my advice he has determined to try his luck here in Japan."

Then Ashbourne's neighbor on the left — the Dutch consul — whose examination had begun after that of his English colleague, soon declared himself to have been in some way connected with Ashbourne before meeting him in Japan. Several years previously he had occupied an official position in the colony of Batavia, where his most intimate friend was an English merchant, married to a cousin of Ashbourne.

"Of course — of course," said Ashbourne triumphantly, as he turned away and addressed himself to another of his guests, each of whom, one after the other, was found to have stood, before coming to Japan, in *some* relation or other to their entertainer. Meanwhile, however, Ashbourne himself had thus been obliged to reveal many fragments of his own biography. He had named relations, friends, schools and tutors, fellow-pupils; and so it often happened that before he finished the examination of one of his guests, another would interrupt him at the mention

of some name, exclaiming that the bearer of it was a friend or relation of his too. Thus the conversation had almost become general, and was attended with a good deal of fun and laughter.

"Look here," said one of the company, "Gilmore and I are second cousins; we have just discovered it."

"West's uncle was my private tutor!" exclaimed another.

"M'Bean's cousin was my first love," cried out a third, amid expostulating cries of "Oh, oh!" and "Honor bright!"

M'Bean was obliged to confess that he had lost the wager; for in addition to the overwhelming evidence thus adduced, it turned out that he himself had many years previously been in business with a distant relation of Ashbourne's family.

This game of cross-questioning had occupied the attention of the guests so closely, that no one had noticed the singular demeanor of Jervis all the while. For some time he had sat silently, looking down before him and blankly playing with his glass. But any close observer would have noticed that thick drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. At last, however, he suddenly rose and stepped out upon the open veranda, as if he felt the want of fresh air.

On returning a few minutes later, the noise and confusion were lasting on. Every one had found out amongst his companions some old friend or acquaintance in a more or less remote degree; and every one was desirous of continuing his interesting voyage of discovery round "the small world."

Young Gilmore, who had been particularly fortunate in now unmasking among his "co-mates and brothers in exile" a cousin and half a dozen intimates of his numerous family, began to look round for some new and likely object of concealed kinship. His eye fell upon Jervis, who was just re-entering the room.

"Holloa!" he exclaimed, placing his hand in a friendly way on Jervis's shoulder; "it is your turn now. If not my cousin, you are sure to be some old friend of mine. Where were you born? Are your parents alive? At what school were you? What —"

But here he suddenly became silent. For out of Jervis's pale face there flashed a pair of eyes so angry and wicked that the rest of Gilmore's sentence died on his lips.

"Why, what the world is the matter with you?" he asked in astonishment.

Some of the company had also been

witnesses of this scene, and now looked intently towards Gilmore and Jervis. The attention of others, too, was roused by the incident, and suddenly deep silence reigned in the room which only a few seconds before had been full of merriment and laughter. All eyes were now turned towards the two young men.

"What ever is the matter with you?" again inquired Gilmore.

Jervis looked round, an expression of utter confusion and helplessness came over his face, which was presently lit up for a moment by a painfully forced smile, and in a hoarse voice he repeated,—

"What is the matter with me? That which will be the matter with most of you to-morrow. Ashbourne's wine has been too much for me." Then approaching the door with an unsteady gait he disappeared.

IV.

THE excuse given by Jervis for so suddenly retiring from the society of his festive companions on the evening of the race-day might seem plausible enough; but neither Ashbourne nor his friends were satisfied with it. Gilmore himself, too, contributed not a little to stamp Jervis's answer as undeserving of credit.

"The man looked at me," said Gilmore, "as if he wanted to kill me with his eyes. Never in my life have I seen such an evil expression in any human face. Good gracious! even now when I think of it a chill comes over me. Had I accused the fellow of crime instead of asking him a perfectly harmless question, he could not possibly have eyed me with more savage rage. He tipsy? I don't believe it! So intensely wicked no drunken man ever yet looked. I'll lay a wager that he was the soberest of us all."

"Well, then, what could have been the matter with him?"

"Perhaps Gilmore's question made him angry. He may have very good reasons for not wishing to speak of his past. I have really been affected by Ashbourne's theory. I shall henceforth distrust a man of whom I know nothing."

It was the cautious, or rather suspicious Scotsman, M'Bean, who made this last remark, and his youthful hearers gazed at each other in surprise. They were good-hearted fellows, they were. Some of them, indeed, might have formed a not very flattering opinion of Jervis, but every one was discreet enough to keep to himself what he thought in this respect.

The reputation of Jervis, however, in

the little foreign community, had suffered seriously. Everybody felt that, and he himself most of all, on appearing in the club next evening. His former companions did not exactly avoid him, but it seemed as if he now moved in an atmosphere in which he was strange and solitary. Nobody had anything to say to him, and few came near him. It was noticeable that when he approached a group of merry-makers the laughter and the talk would instantly stop, as if they had agreed not to say anything in his presence. In fact he gradually became a rather unwelcome guest in the midst of the little community, which was composed, on the whole, of sympathizing and homogeneous elements. He felt himself, too, that he was in the way. The young men seemed to have suddenly become conscious how it had come to pass that they had always been prevented from approaching him in an open friendly way. They all knew each other; but of Jervis nobody knew anything, neither whence he came nor whither he went. He did not, in fact, belong to their "little world." He was a stranger, and the only stranger, in this motley crowd, formed of men from all parts of the globe.

The burning summer came, and put a stop to most social gatherings. Long excursions into the interior became fatiguing; and the club-room evenings were shortened, by most of the members retiring to bed early, in order to rise betimes and enjoy the first fresh hours of the day.

The great race-day, too, being over, the youthful sporting men forsook the course, and the turf was deserted.

Jervis had never pushed himself into the foreground, never even been sociable. Now, however, without any apparently well-defined reason, he became still more reserved, and after a little time disappeared almost entirely from public society. It seemed, indeed, as if every one were afraid to speak to him. As for him, he never was the first to address any one. Coldly bowing, he would pass his former companions in the street; and sometimes would not be seen at all for days.

Jervis lived with his Japanese and Chinese servants in a small house on the edge of a vast uncultivated tract called "The Swamp," which until the arrival of the foreigners had been under water, and the exhalations from which generated malarious fevers during the summer. But it had been drained, and was now covered with a beautiful soft carpet of grass. At

the time of which we speak, it separated the foreign settlement from an evil-famed Japanese quarter called "Yankiro," filled with tea-houses and tap-rooms, generally crowded all night long with noisy natives and drunken European and American sailors. Riots and fights were the rule of the place; and the respectable members of the community were scarcely ever seen in the neighborhood, unless, indeed, any of the older residents took an occasional stroll out that way with some new-comer, to show him the singular manners and customs of the aborigines.

The streets of Yokohama were not lighted in the year 1860, and as soon as the sun set they became dark and deserted. Whoever, therefore, wanted to go out at night, generally took with him two or three Japanese servants, with handsome paper lanterns, whereon the arms of his native country were painted in gay colors. To this many added the number of their houses; and thus from a distance one could easily recognize friends moving about in the street. One was always very glad to meet an acquaintance for company's sake, for the streets were not very safe. From any dark corner a murderous *samurai* or *louin* (armed nobleman) might spring forth; and therefore no European or American ventured abroad in the evening without his revolver ready for use.

Ashbourne and Jervis were neighbors, their dwellings being only separated by a low wooden fence; and from the veranda of either house one could easily look into the windows of the other.

Now one evening, as was frequently the case, a merry crew of youthful spirits were assembled in Ashbourne's rooms. It was very hot in the lighted chambers; mosquitoes entered in swarms; and the guests had therefore retired to the dark and cool veranda, there to recline in large bamboo chairs, smoke, drink tea or brandy-and-soda, and talk languidly on all kinds of topics. Soon, however, they became tired and worn out, for most of them had a hard day's work behind them.

It was late, and the night was dark, close, and still. During pauses in the conversation, one could hear the ceaseless hollow murmur of the ocean; while from the neighboring houses resounded the short harsh noise made by the Japanese watchmen by knocking two pieces of bamboo against each other. One soon becomes accustomed to this signal, which ceases then to disturb sleep, while frightening thieves and other evil-doers.

From the Yankiro, too, across the vast deserted swamp, resounded the shrill notes of the *samsin*, the three-stringed Japanese guitar.

"Jervis's house is all lighted up," said some one. "What on earth can that fellow be doing at this hour of the night, and all alone too?"

"Studying Japanese," replied M'Bean. "He gets on well with it, I hear. We have the same master."

"It seems to me he wants to make himself a Japanese altogether," observed Ashbourne. "In his own house I always see him dressed in a native fashion, and he is taking fencing lessons from an old broken-down nobleman who is hanging about here. The day before yesterday, on passing his door quite early in the morning, I heard noise and shrieks proceeding from his garden; and entering, I saw Jervis and a Japanese, with masks and wooden swords, cutting at each other like madmen. Jervis advanced to meet me, and politely inquired what it was that had procured him the pleasure of a visit from me. On my replying that curiosity alone had induced me to enter, he explained that he delighted in all physical exercises, and for a change had taken fencing lessons from a native master. The samurai, who evidently understood what we were saying, repeated several times that Mr. Jervis was very skilful and strong. He would doubtless have liked to give an exhibition of his pupil's ability, for he proposed to Jervis to have a round in my presence, but the latter declined. On the veranda was a pretty Japanese girl before a *chibach* (*brazier*), on which she was boiling water, and beside her an old woman. Both were drinking tea and smoking and chatting. By her side, on a mat, stood a *koto* (a Japanese musical instrument). There were no chairs or lounges, and the whole conveyed the impression rather of a Japanese than a European household."

"I say there are some people coming across the swamp from the Yankiro," interrupted M'Bean. Lanterns could indeed be seen in the distance, though the bearers were invisible, and the lights moved to and fro in the dark like large luminous will-o'-the-wisps.

"Let's see who it is," said Ashbourne, as entering his room he returned with a large marine glass. Looking steadily at the lanterns for some time he at length remarked,—

"Oh, numbers 28 and 32—West and Dr. Wilkins. Let us call them in. They

ought to tell us what they are doing out of doors at such a late hour."

So putting both hands to his mouth he shouted "West! Wilkins!" and repeated the cry till a reply came back.

"Yes, all right; we're coming!"

In a few minutes the nocturnal wayfarers were under the veranda, when Wilkins, who was the medical man of the community, related how he had been called to the Yankiro to tend an English sailor, who had been badly cut about in a fight with some Malay seamen; and West being with the doctor when summoned, had proposed to accompany him.

"And with whom, then, were you speaking just now? We saw you stand still there for a few moments about a hundred yards from the house."

"We met Jervis, and bade him good evening. He was taking a constitutional alone in the darkness."

"The fellow will be killed one of these days, I have often told him so."

"And that is just what I have been telling him also, though he merely laughed, and replied, 'Who would take me in the dark for a *todgin*?' (a Japanese nickname for foreigners). Indeed he looked a thorough native. Dressed in a *kimono*, he had a broad-sword in his belt, with a dark cloth round his head, so that one could see nothing of him but his piercing eyes. A queer fellow! He certainly is not like one of us. I never could make a friend of that man."

V.

MR. JERVIS seemed to be expecting important news from China; for every time a steamer arrived he was among the first who went down to the consignee to get his letters. He also carefully read through the list of passengers, and went away quietly afterwards. This, however, was a general habit with many of the foreign inhabitants of Yokohama, and therefore did not attract much attention.

One day in the month of June, the "Cadiz" had returned to Yokohama, and Jervis, as usual, entered Mr. Dana's office to get his letters. There he found Captain McGregor in charge of the vessel, with whom he was personally acquainted, having made his first passage to Japan on board that commander's ship.

"A pleasant voyage, captain?"

"Very good, indeed; five days and seven-
eight hours."

"Many passengers on board?"

"About twenty Chinese and seven Europeans."

"Any acquaintances?"

"No; except that M'Bean has come back again. The rest are new people, and among them a brother of Ashbourne's."

"Good morning, captain."

"Good morning, Mr. Jervis."

Strange to say, on this very day Jervis forgot to take his letters, though they were lying ready for him on the table. He went straight home, looking carefully before and behind him, as if to see if he were observed. As he was approaching his house, two gentlemen came from the other end of the street—Thomas Ashbourne, and his brother Daniel who had just arrived. Being engaged in a lively conversation, they did not at first notice Jervis; but presently the new-comer caught sight of him as he was crossing the streets to enter his dwelling. At this time the distance between Jervis and the two brothers was not more than a hundred yards. Daniel stopped short, and shading his eyes with his hands, inquired thoughtfully, though more of himself than of his brother, —

"Who can that be?"

"Where?"

"The man who has just gone into that house."

"Oh, that must have been Jervis! I didn't see him, but he lives there, and does not receive many visitors. I suppose he has been to fetch his letters from Dana."

"Jervis? — Jervis?"

"Yes; do you know him?"

"No, no; I don't know any one of that name, but I thought I knew that man; or he must have a singular likeness to one I know, but I can't even say now of whom he reminds me."

"Oh, never mind; you will soon make Jervis's acquaintance, for he is our next-door neighbor. Here we are at home! Welcome, Dan, under my roof!"

The two brothers had not very much in common as far as their faces were concerned. Daniel was the elder by about five years, and had dark-brown hair and dark eyes; while Thomas was of light complexion, and had fair locks. But there was a distinct family likeness in their build, being both tall, slim, and distinguished by the same careless and easy carriage.

"Here is your room, Dan, said Thomas, showing his brother into a bright and cheerful apartment, furnished with a large handsome bed, a table, and a few chairs. "And here is your bath. I have

taken a servant for you who answers to the convenient name of To; but he does not understand a word of English. I shall introduce him to you at once, and you must do your best to get on with him. There is the stable," he continued, leading his brother out on to the veranda. "In that little house yonder sleeps the *momban* (porter). And now go and dress yourself. It makes me quite hot to see you in your woollen suit. To has a linen one for you. I think my clothes will fit you."

To had meanwhile entered the room softly, and saluted his new master in the most respectful manner. Thomas Ashbourne told him what he would have to do, and then left his brother to bathe and dress himself. In half an hour he made his appearance in the parlor, refreshed and dressed in one of Thomas's white linen suits.

"To is a jewel of a servant," said Dan. "We get along splendidly; but I fear Inish would be jealous if I allowed any one else to wait upon me."

"Who is Inish?"

"My old Irish servant."

"Had you asked my advice, I should have told you to leave the man in Limerick. Natives are by far the best servants here. Foreign domestics inevitably come to grief. I warn you that in a few months Inish will leave you and open a public house. Europeans who follow their master to Japan are fated to become bar-keepers."

"I will be responsible for Inish that he does nothing of the kind," replied Dan. "He is devoted to me, body and soul. He was the servant of a friend of mine, poor Lieutenant O'Brien, who came to so terrible an end. Inish almost went out of his mind with grief at the death of his master, and had to leave the regiment. I engaged him because O'Brien thought so much of him, and I took a great deal of trouble to get him all right again. I succeeded too; and ever since, Inish has been so devoted to me, that it would have been cruel to leave him."

"Does Mr. Inish drink?"

"As little as you could expect of an Irishman and an old soldier."

"That is more than enough. Don't let him go out in the evening, or one of these days he will be brought home dead. The Japanese treat drunken Europeans with barbarous want of consideration."

"Inish never goes out of the house. He is afraid of strangers. Here he comes, the poor fellow."

Inish, accompanied by a sailor and a Japanese coolie, now appeared with his master's baggage. He warmly shook the hand of the mariner who had shown him the way, and saluting his master in military fashion, asked what he should do with the luggage. Receiving the proper directions, he proceeded without a word to carry in the trunks.

"Well, now, do you think that Inish is a man to pick quarrels?" asked Daniel.

"He looks a quiet fellow," replied Thomas.

"You will hear and see very little of him. He works from morning till night, and is nowhere happy except in my room or in his own little den."

The two brothers had a good deal to talk about, having been separated for years. They dined together at seven o'clock, and towards nine went to the club, where Ashbourne introduced his brother, who was most cordially received by all present. He seemed to win every heart at once by his amiable, unpretending manners. Later in the evening quite a discussion arose as to who should have the pleasure of entertaining him first.

"It is my turn," said M'Bean, "for I owe you all a dinner. Don't you remember my lost wager — 'The Little World'?"

"Quite so," said Mr. Mitchell, the consul. So it was decided there and then that those who dined on the evening of the race-day with Thomas Ashbourne should reassemble at dinner the following day at M'Bean's rooms, and thus give Mr. Daniel Ashbourne an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the most distinguished members of the community.

Thomas Ashbourne undertook, in M'Bean's name, to invite his neighbor Jervis, who was not present, but who could not be left out. Jervis, however, declined the invitation, which Ashbourne sent him next morning, alleging that he was not well enough to come.

The banquet passed off in the usual pleasant fashion. The guests drank freely; and when port, sherry, and claret had gone round several times after dinner, the company was in that rose-colored frame of mind which good fare, good wines, and a genial host ought always to create.

"It seems to me," exclaimed one of the guests, "that we are even jollier to-day than last time."

"Much obliged to you," replied Thomas Ashbourne.

West, who had committed this little *faux pas*, tried to excuse himself. "I

expressed myself badly," he stammered. "Excuse me, Ashbourne, I meant to say that to-day we are all, without exception, happy and cheerful; whereas last time Jervis was here, and sat like a ghost among us."

"By the by, what is the matter with Jervis?" asked some one of Dr. Wilkins. Now Wilkins was what may be called a "long-winded" man.

"I will tell you, gentlemen," he began.

"Oh, no, we don't want to hear it," was the interrupting cry; and being a good-natured man, he contented himself with explaining to his patient neighbor on the left — Gilmore — that Jervis was suffering from nervous irritability, brought on by too much bodily or mental exertion.

"He nervous?" called out Gilmore. "I can't believe that. Jervis rides as if he didn't know what nerves meant."

"You are mistaken, Gilmore; allow me —"

And now the doctor began a long and deeply scientific discourse, to which Gilmore only listened with half an ear, the conversation at the other end of the table being much more interesting.

As the most distinguished guest of the evening, Daniel Ashbourne had a place on the right of the host; and M'Bean had just explained to him the way in which he had lost the bet which had procured for him the pleasure of being the first to entertain the new-comer. On this occasion, too, the conversation again had turned upon "The Little World," and Ashbourne, *junior*, had seized the opportunity to mount his hobby again. He spoke with animation, and with a kind of half-comic pathos.

"And this fine theory, gentlemen, this highly philosophic theory of incalculable bearing, of which I flatter myself to be the discoverer —"

"What is he talking about?" interrupted Gilmore, who had not heard the beginning of Ashbourne's remarks.

"Ashbourne maintains that nobody in this world can change his identity, and that he calls a philosophic theory. A very big name, surely, for a simple matter which nobody has ever doubted."

"You are an obstinate, short-sighted Scotsman, M'Bean! You have never doubted the thing, because you have never thought about it."

"Well, let us hear your theory."

But Ashbourne begged to be excused. He had spoken too much already, he said, and was afraid of tiring the company.

He wished only to give the result of his theory.

"There is to-day room on the earth for about fifteen hundred million people," he said, "but only on condition that everybody retains that *one* single place assigned him. If he leaves this, there is no room for him on earth or in human society."

"Well," said Daniel Ashbourne, "what becomes in your theory of the fugitive criminal who has abandoned his place?"

"The fugitive criminal?" replied Thomas; "that is just the strongest proof of the truth of my theory. The man who assumes a false name thereby resigns his individuality, exists no longer. He is merely a fiction — the duplicate of an unjustifiable existence. He may wander about anywhere on the earth, but does not really belong to human society."

"That is all very well, and I can understand it perfectly; but as a lawyer, I tell you that the law, when it once gets hold of one of your so-called 'fictions,' treats it exactly like a tangible reality. Fugitive criminals when caught are put in prison, or, if they deserve it, hanged by the neck until dead."

"I don't believe at all in fugitive criminals."

"That is another new theory. What do you mean?"

"The world is too small. It is impossible for any one to hide himself. Runaway ruffians are caught sooner or later, or they break their necks in trying to escape. Then we find their bodies. Nobody is lost in this world."

"And yet I could tell you the story of an absconding villain who, whether dead or alive now, has at any rate for many years eluded every attempt to find him."

The company, which did not seem to take much interest in Ashbourne's dry theories, was quite ready to listen to a story, and so from every side came the calls of "Let's hear it!" "Out with it!" "Go on!" Whereupon Daniel Ashbourne began as follows.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE "CAMPAGNA ROMANA."

THE amelioration of the Roman territory is a question full of present interest in Italy, and many projects have been formed for the purpose of rendering more salubrious that country, the most part of which is feverish and nearly uninhabit-

able for many months of the year. The stranger who comes to spend a few weeks of the winter in Rome and enjoys its delightful climate, making excursions *en touriste* in the environs of the town, cannot conceive the desolation of the country when the season of fever begins. Unfortunately, in many parts of the Roman territory this season lasts nearly the whole summer and autumn, so that the day-laborers who come from the neighboring provinces, especially for the corn harvest and for the hay-time, suffer very much, and some of them die of the consequences of the fever. This state of things began to draw the government's attention to the question, and in the last ten years many remedies have been proposed; but, as generally happens in such circumstances, when theoretic agriculturists are called to solve such an intricate problem, the improvements which have been suggested, though excellent in themselves, are not to the purpose, because the particular conditions of the country have not been taken into consideration. Some persons think it would be very profitable to introduce in the Roman territory the systems of cultivation adopted in other parts of Italy, and to have a good number of peasant families settled down on it. Their favorite dream is to see the vast meadows changed into fields where all sorts of crops should be cultivated. But, if even this change were possible, would it be desirable at present? Those who have thorough practical knowledge of the situation would immediately answer that it would not, and that the only way of obtaining a good result is to improve the actual system of cultivation. I am certainly not one of those who think that the general state of the Roman territory can be easily changed, but we must acknowledge that in many parts of it a great improvement has taken place, as we may ascertain without going very far from Rome.

We shall find, at ten or twelve kilometers distance from the capital, in one of the most unhealthy places of the country, a luminous example of improvement obtained by a skillful application of the principles of agriculture and rural economy. But we will first give a general idea of the conditions of the "Campagna Romana," on which so many illusory theories have been published without any practical result.

The Roman territory has not always been in the state in which it is at present. If we read the Latin authors we are astonished to find that it was not unhealthy,

and that some parts of it, where it would now be impossible to live without catching fever, were considered by the Romans as delightful country places. Besides this, both history and archæology let us know that a great number of large and populous towns existed in Latium. Ostia had about eighty thousand inhabitants; Ardea, Stabia, Cere, Fidenæ, twenty or twenty-five thousand. It is not easy to conceive how such towns should have been founded in places where the "malaria" was as strong as it is at present. But Strabo tells us it was not so: "Totum Latium felix est, et omnium rerum ferax, demptis paucis locis maritimis, quæ palustria sunt, et morbosa" (lib. v.). Under the reign of Septimius Severus, Minucius Felix tells us that Ostia was a capital place for sea-bathing, and the most remarkable thing is that autumn was considered as the best season for going to Ostia, whereas now it is extremely dangerous. Pliny, who was such an accurate observer, never speaks of malaria; on the contrary, he lets us know that he had a villa, the Villa Laurentina, in a place called Tor Paterno, where he generally lived in summer, because, as he says, it was very pleasant in winter, but more in summer: "hæc jucunditas ejus in hieme, major æstate." Now, Tor Paterno is abandoned, and the fever forces everybody to leave the place during the summer. But at that time thick forests were to be seen not only near the seashore but on nearly all the hills of the Campagna Romana, and these forests have been cut down in the last three or four centuries, so that it is at present impossible to find one single tree in those regions. Time and man have destroyed that vegetation with which nature preserved the country from miasmatic exhalations: and this is certainly one of the principal reasons of the great change which has taken place. We are now using every endeavor to restore those places and make them wholesome by planting trees of rapid growth, as the eucalyptus are; but it is easy to see that a long time is required for such an undertaking.

However, I have the fullest conviction that the first thing to do is to promote the restoration of the forests, especially on the seashore, because this is the only way of sheltering the country from the parching south winds which carry deleterious materials from the African deserts. The forests of half-grown trees which are to be found in many places of the Campagna cannot have any good influence on the

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salubrity of the air; far from that, they intercept the sun's beams, and prevent the soil from drying, so that the putrefaction of vegetable detritus takes place more easily. For these reasons, forests of lofty trees are the only useful ones.

Rome itself was full of sacred woods (*luci*) which had been planted evidently for reasons of public health, and it is very interesting to take an accurate note of the places where these woods were to be found. We will only mention the principal ones, but there is a plan of ancient Rome, taken by an engineer from Perugia, whose name was Agretti, from which we may learn that there were not less than forty-four *luci* in the interior of the town. A copy of this plan is to be seen in Perugia, and it is considered one of the most remarkable works on the subject. These *luci* are: the Vatican lucus of which Pliny speaks; the Aventine lucus; the lucus of Vesta, on both sides of the Velabrian Marsh; the Mavortian lucus, around the Palus Caprea, near the Pantheon; the Esquilian lucus, near the Flavian amphitheatre; the lucus of Bellona; and the lucus Tarpeius on the Capitol; and many others, which are to be seen in the above-mentioned plan.

All these woods, of a religious character, had been certainly planted in order to render more healthy the different parts of the town. We must notice that the Romans, instead of draining the marshes, surrounded them with trees, because they thought that vegetation would absorb every miasma. The fact proved they were right; and we really do not know of any Latin author speaking about malaria in Rome.

The plantation of trees is, as we may infer from all the arguments we have given, the most efficacious remedy to the insalubrity of the Roman territory; so that, if even it alone were applied, without draining the soil, and without drying up the marshes, the most salutary effects would certainly be obtained. But we must avail ourselves of all the resources of modern science taken together, to get on more rapidly. Some of the marshes which exist in the Campagna are very difficult to dry up; others, on the contrary, are not deep, and the draining of them can be performed very easily. As regards the first of these marshes, it is well known that enormous sums have been thrown into them without any results; so that we really could not encourage government to spend more money in such an undertaking; and, in our opinion,

it would be better to leave those marshes as they are now, and as they have always been, only surrounding them with vast plantations of forest trees, as the Romans had done. As for those marshes which are not very deep, they certainly can be dried up; but it is necessary to secure the course of water by a regular system of ditches and canals, otherwise no durable effect could be obtained.

By a sagacious application of the three methods we have spoken of — that is, before all, large plantations of trees, and, after this, a general drainage of the soil, and particularly of the marshes — we may well hope that those who live in the twentieth century will be able to say with Strabo, that the Campagna Romana "felix est, et omnium rerum ferax." It is said that the twentieth century will be the century of electricity; may it be also that of the regeneration of that desolated territory! But, in its present state, it is quite useless to spend time and money in improved ploughs and new systems of cultivation. It is very easy indeed for a theoretic agriculturist, sitting at his writing-table, to imagine a new distribution of crops, and to say that Roman farmers ought to sow trefoil and other plants fit for making artificial meadows; that they ought to spread on their farms the enormous quantity of manure that is produced by the capital and lost in the Tiber; that the old Virgilian ploughs ought to disappear before the modern ploughs; that to let land lie fallow is against agricultural progress; and that the surface of the fields ought to be arranged in a regular way, so as to prevent the stagnation of waters on one side, and their too rapid course on the other. We advise these persons, who are full of good intentions, to leave off writing for a few weeks, and before resuming their work, make some excursions in the Campagna Romana. They will see what it really is, and when they go back to their writing-table, we are sure they will change what they have written before.

Now, while these authors find nothing easier than to introduce new systems of agriculture without sufficient preparation, there are still many agriculturists and economists who do not think a thorough change in the conditions of the Roman territory possible. As generally happens, both these opinions are exaggerated, because the principles of rural economy show on one side that every country must follow agricultural improvements, and that there is no place where a perpetual

status quo can be admitted; on the other side, that every system of farming practised in a country for many centuries has always its reason for existence, and is so intimately connected with the general conditions of soil, climate, and population, that it cannot be changed without time and capital. Capital alone would do nothing, and would be lost without bringing any interest. An example of this occurred a few years ago in the Campagna Romana, and proved that the laws of rural economy cannot be transgressed without disadvantage. One of the richest land-owners of the Campagna, after having travelled much through Italy and foreign countries, and having examined the agricultural systems of the most fertile parts of the peninsula, thought it possible to introduce the same systems all at once in the Roman territory, and that the only thing to do was to employ a sufficient amount of capital. Accordingly, houses for peasants were built; entire families of laborers were imported from Tuscany and Umbria; the fields were cultivated with improved ploughs, the stables were filled with oxen, and the intensive culture applied to the whole property. But, after two or three years, the impossibility of going on came out very clearly, so that the new system was given up, and the buildings were abandoned by the peasants, who could not stand the unwholesome climate, and were decimated by the malaria.

The extensive culture is the only one that can be practised in the Campagna Romana in its present state; immense fields cultivated with corn, sown without any manure and with a rough dressing, and pasture lands, are the only things to be seen in the Roman system of agriculture. The principal reason is that in summer, especially in the months of August and September, the malaria fevers are very dangerous; so that, after thrashing the corn, every one leaves those unhealthy places and goes up to the mountains, not to come down till the time is come for sowing corn again.

Now, we must say that, however backward and imperfect this cultivation may seem to those who are accustomed to the beauty and opulence of intensive culture, it gives a net rent not inferior to that which is generally allotted to landed property in the rest of Italy, except in those parts where the rearing of manufacturing materials is carried on. The gross product is small, but, as there are very small expenses to take off, the net produce remains high enough.

The reader will now easily understand of what interest it is to show a practical example of what we have so far said; and we have one ready at hand. Every stranger who comes to Rome goes to see the Basilica called "San Paolo fuori le Mura;" if he goes on a little farther, he will find a church called "San Paolo alle Tre Fontane," because we may see there three fountains which, according to an old tradition, sprang up at the place where St. Paul's head fell when he was beheaded as a Christian. This was one of the most unhealthy places of the environs of Rome; it could be inhabited only during the winter, because in summer the danger of tertian ague drove away every living soul. In 1866 a few Trappists, with their usual self-denial, went to settle on that place, and began to clear the grounds that had been allotted to them by government. It is well known that the Trappists are monks who spend their life in praying, and tilling the ground. When they first went to the Tre Fontane they could not stand the unhealthiness of the air, and they all died except one; but their labor was not lost, because others immediately took their place and continued the cultivation, though many of them still died of the fever. Little by little a large extent of ground was cleared, till at last, a few years ago, the Agricultural Society of the Tre Fontane was founded, and, under this name, by which they were assured of the protection of the law, the Trappists continue their work of regeneration.

The Italian government has given to this society four hundred hectares of land in perpetual emphyteutic lease, but on condition of planting a hundred thousand eucalyptus in ten years; besides that, all the remaining ground was to be cultivated according to the best agricultural systems. The Trappists well understood that the first thing to do was to purify the air, and to defend their plantations from the unwholesome south winds. The eucalyptus trees are very useful for this object, and accordingly a great number of them was planted in the first year. The eucalyptus are first sown in a well-prepared soil, and, after two or three years, are planted in regular rows, leaving a distance of ten metres from one plant to the other on every side, so that the interval between them may be cultivated with other crops. The principal varieties of eucalyptus are: *Eucalyptus globulus*, *Eucalyptus populi-folia*, *Eucalyptus viminalis*, *Eucalyptus resinifera*. The first samples of eucalyptus were brought to Rome in 1854 by

an Australian bishop, who very much extolled their regenerating virtue; but, though these samples were planted with some success in one of the principal gardens of Rome, nobody thought they could ever be cultivated on a vast scale, because they were not believed able to stand the Roman climate, although so mild. Experience has shown that this is not so, and that even the *Eucalyptus globulus*, which is certainly more delicate than the others, can live at a temperature of -5° Celsius. We should however think it more advisable to cultivate other varieties of eucalyptus, especially the *viminalis* and *resinifera*, the last of which can bear -9° Celsius. This tree has been a very useful importation for the Roman territory, and, as it is now clearly proved that it may grow rapidly and have a splendid vegetation in our climate, there is nothing to do but to extend its cultivation as much as possible. Moreover, besides its good influence on the healthiness of the air, a plantation of eucalyptus is a first-rate drainage. Every one knows the good effects of drainage on cultivated land, and this operation is practised to a great extent, especially in England and Belgium; many attempts to drain the soil had been made at the Tre Fontane, but they had not proved very successful, on account of the great tenacity of the soil, which did not allow the water to reach the drains. The eucalyptus has solved the problem; before they were planted water was to be found at twelve centimetres under the surface of the fields, whereas now it has fallen to the depth of m. 1.95, so that it can have no bad effect upon the vegetation of crops. It seems that by the numerous roots with which it penetrates into the ground, the eucalyptus absorbs an enormous quantity of humidity which is required for its luxuriant vegetation, and so dries up the soil in a short time. Whatever may be the explanation of this phenomenon, it is certain that at the Tre Fontane the effect has been very remarkable. The greatest number of eucalyptus has been planted at the south end of the property, so as to shelter the cultivated lands from the scirocco and the miasms it carries over the country.

It will not be difficult, from what we have now said, to foresee what a change will have taken place in a few years in a country where only damp meadows and feverish swamps were to be found. Thousands of eucalyptus are now growing everywhere, and the neighboring hills are covered with vines; the ground has been

dug up with dynamite at m. 1.10 depth. This operation, which was necessary to the plantation of the vines, has been very helpful to the salubrity of the air; because, in its natural state, the soil, very muddy during the rainy season, breaks during the summer into large and deep crevices, from which miasmatic exhalations of sulphydric acid come forth. This sulphydric acid probably results from the decomposition of the organic substances existing in the ground, but when the ground has been dug up and cleared, these emanations disappear, at least to a great extent.

We have already said that the Roman territory could be improved by large plantations of trees, by the general drainage of the soil and especially of the marshes; two of these methods are connected more particularly with agriculture, the third is connected with hydraulics. At the Tre Fontane the gradual diminution of fever proves that these methods are really efficacious; but if the Agricultural Society has obtained such a good result, the reason, in our opinion, is that they have been employed together; otherwise they might cost enormous sums without improving the state of the country. We saw ourselves at the Tre Fontane with what sagacity the works were directed, and that is why we say that the Agricultural Society has set to work in the right way; and are able to foretell, if we judge from the first trial, that in the lapse of a comparatively short time, the place will be wholesome and well cultivated.

Some years ago, the Italian government established at the Tre Fontane a penitentiary house, which contains a certain number of convicts. As the work they have to do is not very hard, they are generally sent there after they have passed some years of good behavior in the galleys; and thus they spend the last years of their penalty under the good influence of the Trappists, who treat them with great kindness, and render them gradually worthy of returning to civil society. The greater part of the works we have spoken of are done by the convicts, and the Agricultural Society pays a fixed sum (eighty centimes a head) to government for their services. They generally have six hours' work every day: as one sees, this is not very hard, and every convict is happy to be removed from the galleys to this establishment.

In short, a visit to the Abbey of the Tre Fontane leaves a very favorable impression upon those who like to see moral

and material improvement go on together. Though the owners of this property are perhaps in a somewhat different condition from the other land-owners in the territory, because they have plenty of workmen, who could not be found for the whole year without great difficulty, we may certainly put them forward as an example to show that the Campagna Romana can and will be improved by time, perseverance, and capital.

COUNT CONESTABILE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THINGS went on in this way till nearly the end of July, when the parks were brown like heather, and a great many people already had gone out of town. Those who remained kept up their gayeties with a sort of desperation of energy, intent upon getting as much as possible out of the limited time. And what with the drawing closer of the bonds of society, and the additional fervor of the pace at which everything went on, Walter spent almost his entire time in Katie's society, meeting her everywhere, and being, by universal consent, constituted her partner and escort wherever they did meet. She had half begun to wonder herself that nothing further came of it, and that he did not speak the words which would settle every question, so far at least as he was concerned. Miss Williamson, for her own part, reserved her personal freedom. She would not say even to herself that she had finally made up her mind. She would see what he had to say for himself and then — But Katie was very prudent, and would not be premature. Walter, too, rather wondered at himself that he did nothing conclusive. He perceived for the first time in his life that the position was not one which could be glided over, which he could terminate simply by going away. He had come to that, that Katie must cut the knot, not he: or else, which was most likely, bind it closer. She was a girl of whom nobody could think lightly — not a good girl only, but a little personage, of distinct importance. No doubt she would make such a wife as a man might be very well satisfied with, and even proud of in his way. She was even pretty — enough: she was clever, and very well able to hold her own. At the head of a table, at the head of a great

house, Katie, though with in every way a pronounced yet not unrefined Scotch accent (as indeed in the wife of a Scotch lord was very appropriate), would be quite equal to the position. And peace would come with her: no young man could do more for his family than bring such an accession of fortune into it. It would probably save him from further vexation about small matters of the estate, and those persecutions about leases and investments to which he was now subject. This had been the one drawback of his life since he had known Katie. He had been asked to decide on one side and another: he had concluded against Peter Thomson the sheep farmer, in sheer vexation with Shaw's importunity. He had thought more than once that he saw old Milnathort shake his head, and was subject to the factor's outspoken blame. But if he brought Katie into the family, what would it matter about these small things? One or two unsatisfactory tenants would be little in comparison with that large addition of fortune. And he liked Katie. In herself she was very agreeable to him — a companion whom he by no means wished to lose. There was something in her independence, her almost boyishness, her philosophies and questionings, which made her unlike any other girl with whom he had ever been brought into contact. The thing was not that they were in love with each other, but that they could get on quite well together. Notwithstanding, Walter, being quite content with the circumstances as they were, took no new step, but let the course of events run on day by day.

They had gone together to one of the last celebrations of the waning season — the evening reception at the Royal Academy. Everybody who was in town was there; and Walter, who had now an abundance of acquaintances, went from one group to another, paying his respects to the ladies, but always keeping somewhere within reach of the Williamsons, with whom he had come. Katie expected him to be within reach. It had come to be a habit with her to look round for Lord Erradeen, to beg him to get her what she wanted, to take her to this or that. Her father always most dutiful in attendance, yet naturally found persons of his own age to talk with; and he was apt to say foolish things about the pictures, and say them at the top of his voice, which made Katie cautious not to direct his attention to them more than was necessary;

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but Walter, who on the whole considered her something of an authority on art, and was not unwilling to accept her guidance to some extent, was here a very agreeable companion. She had just intimated to him her desire to look at something of which the artist had been speaking to her—for Katie considered it her duty even in presence of society to show a certain regard for the pictures, as the supposed object of the meeting—and taking his arm was going on to the corner indicated, when somebody all at once made a little movement towards them with a quick exclamation of pleasure, and saying, "Walter!" suddenly laid a finger upon Lord Erradeen's unoccupied arm.

This sudden incident produced a curious dramatic effect amid the many groups of this elegant company. Some of the bystanders even were attracted, and one enterprising young painter took in his mind's eye an instantaneous sketch of the three figures enacting a scene in the genteel comedy of life. Walter in the midst, startled, looking a little guilty, yet not losing his composure, replied readily enough, "Julia!" holding out his hand to the somewhat eager stranger, who leaned forward towards him with sparkling eyes, and the most arch and smiling expression of pleasure and interest. Katie, on the other hand, held back a little, and looked very gravely at the meeting, with a manifest absence in her countenance of that pleasure which the others expressed, whether they felt it or not. She did not withdraw from Walter's arm, or separate herself in any way, but gazed at the newcomer who addressed him so familiarly with a look of grave inspection. Katie meant to look dignified, and as a girl should look who was the lawful possessor of the attention to which an illegitimate claimant had thus appeared; but her figure was not adapted for expressing dignity. She was shorter than Julia, and less imposing, and her *beauté du diable* could not bear comparison with Miss Herbert's really fine features and charming figure. Julia was as much, or indeed more, a country girl than the other; but she was much handsomer, and had all the instincts of society. Her face was radiant with smiles as she gave her hand to Walter, and half permitted, half compelled him to hold it a moment longer than was necessary in his.

"I thought we could not be long of meeting," she said, "and that you were sure to be here. I am with your cousins the Tom Herberts. I suppose you know

them? They have asked me up for the fag-end of the season. I always told you my season was the very end; and the result is, I am quite fresh when you jaded revellers have had too much of it, and are eager to hurry away."

And indeed she looked fresh, glowing, and eager, and full of life and pleasure; her vivid looks seemed to take the color out of Katie, who still stood with her hand upon Walter's arm. For his part he did not know what to do.

"You would not think, to look round these rooms, that it was the fag-end of the season," he said.

"Ah! that's your usual benevolence to make me think less of my disadvantages," said Julia. "You know I don't encourage illusions on that subject. You must come and see me. You must be made acquainted with my cousins, if you don't know them."

"In the mean time, Lord Erradeen, will you take me to my father, please," said Katie, on his arm.

"Oh," cried Julia, "don't let me detain you now. We have just come. You'll find me presently, Walter, when you are at liberty. No, go, go, we shall have plenty of time afterwards for our talks. I insist upon your going now."

And she dismissed him with a beaming smile, with a little pat on his arm as if it had been she who was his lawful proprietor, not Katie. Miss Williamson said nothing for the moment, but she resisted Walter's attempt to direct her towards the picture she had meant to visit. "I think I will go to papa," she said. "I must not detain you, Lord Erradeen, from your—friend."

"That doesn't matter," said Walter; "I shall see her again. Let us do what we intended to do. What is the etiquette on such an occasion, Miss Williamson? Would it be correct for me, a mere man, to introduce two ladies to each other? You know I am a novice in society. I look for instruction to you."

"I can't tell, I am sure," said Katie. "I don't think the case has occurred to me before. You seem to know the lady very well, Lord Erradeen?"

"I have known her almost all my life," Walter replied, not quite at his ease. "We have played together, I suppose. She comes from Sloebury where my mother is living. They have all sorts of fine connections, but they are poor, as you would divine from what she said."

"I did not listen to what she said. Conversation not addressed to one's self,"

said Katie, with some severity, "one has nothing to do with. I could see of course that you were on the most friendly terms."

"Oh, on quite friendly terms!" said Walter; he could not for his life have prevented a little laugh from escaping him, a laugh of consciousness and amusement and embarrassment. And Katie, who was full of suspicion, pricked up her little ears.

"I should have said on terms that were more than friendly," she said in a voice that was not without a certain sharp tone.

Walter laughed again with that imbecility to which all men are subject when pressed upon such a question.

"Can anything be better than friendly?" he said. "Poor Julia! she has a very kind heart. Was not this the picture you wanted to see?"

"Oh," cried Katie, "I have forgotten all about the picture! This little incident has put it out of my head. Human interest is superior to art. Perhaps if you had not left Sloebury, if your circumstances had not changed, your friendship might have changed into—something warmer, as people say."

"Who can tell?" cried Walter in his vanity; "but in that case we should have been two poverties together, and that you know would never do."

"I am no judge," cried Katie; "but at all events you are not a poverty now, and there is no reason—oh, there is papa; he is talking to *that* ambassador—but never mind. Patience for another minute, Lord Erradeen, till we can make our way to him, and then you shall go."

"But I don't want to go," Walter said. "Oh, that is impossible; when Miss—Julia—I am sure I beg your pardon, for I don't know her other name—was so kind as to tell you where to find her. You must want to get rid of me. Papa, give me your arm; I want to show you something."

"Eh! what do you want to show me, Katie? I'm no judge, you know. You will find it very much better, I'm confident, to show it to young Erradeen."

"Thank you, Lord Erradeen," said Katie, making him a curtsy. She took her father's almost reluctant arm, and turned him suddenly away at once from his ambassador, and from Walter, who stood astonished to find himself thus thrown off. "Look here, papa, it is in this direction," the young lady said.

Mr. Williamson's voice was rather louder than good manners allowed. "What! is it a tiff?" he said, with a laugh. "That's

according to all the rules, Katie. I'm astonished you have not had one before."

Walter heard this speech as well as Katie, and it threw the last gleam of reality on the position in which he stood. That he was looked upon by her father as her lover, and no doubt by herself too, or what would the encounter with Julia have mattered to her, was plain enough. He had known it vaguely before, but only from his own side of the question, and had debated it as a matter of expediency to himself. But when he saw it from the other side, recognizing with a shock that they too had something to say in the matter, and coming right up against that barrier of a *must*, which was so obnoxious to his character, everything took a very different aspect. And Julia, too, had assumed an air of property—had made a certain claim of right in respect to him. What! was he to be made a slave, and deprived of free action in respect to the most important act of his life, because he had freely accepted invitations that were pressed upon him? The thing was ridiculous, he said to himself, with some heat. It might be well for him to offer himself to Katie, but to have a virtual demand made upon him, and acknowledge a necessity, that was not to be borne. Still less was he likely to acknowledge any right on the part of Julia Herbert. In her case he was altogether without responsibility, he said to himself; and even in the other, was it a natural consequence of Mr. Williamson's perpetual invitations and hospitality that he should put himself at the disposal of Mr. Williamson's daughter? He seemed to hear that worthy's laugh pealing after him as he took his way hastily in the opposite direction to that in which he had met Julia, with a determination to yield to neither. "A tiff!" and, "according to all the rules!" A lovers' quarrel, that was what the man meant; and who was he that he should venture to assume that Lord Erradeen was his daughter's lover?

Walter hurried through the rooms in the opposite direction, till he got near the great staircase, with its carpeted avenue, between the hedges of flowers, and the group of smiling, bowing, picturesque Academicians in every variety of beard, still receiving the late, and speeding the parting guests. But fate was too much here for the angry young man. Before he had reached the point of exit, he felt once more that tap on his arm. "Walter! I believe he is running away," said a voice close to him; and there was Julia,

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radiant, with her natural protectors beside her, making notes of all that passed.

This time he could not escape. He was introduced to Lady Herbert and Sir Thomas before he could move a step from amid that brilliant crowd. Then Julia, like Katie, declared that she had something she wished to show him, and led him — half reluctant, half, in the revulsion of feeling, pleased, to have some one else to turn to — triumphantly away.

Sir Thomas, who was tired, protested audibly against being detained; but his wife, more wise, caught him by the arm, and imposed patience.

"Can't you see!" she cried in his ear, "what a chance it is for Julia — Lord Erradeen, a most eligible young man. And think the anxiety she is, and that one never can be sure what she may do." "She is a horrid little coquette; and you may be sure the man means nothing serious, unless he is a fool!" growled Sir Thomas. But his wife replied calmly, "Most men are fools; and she is not a bad-hearted creature, though she must have some one dangling after her. Don't let us interfere with her chance, poor thing. I shall ask him to dinner," Lady Herbert said. And Sir Thomas, though he was rather a tyrant at home, and hated late hours, was kept kicking his heels in the vestibule, snarling at everybody who attempted to approach for nearly an hour by the clock. So far, even in the most worldly bosoms, do conscientious benevolence and family affection go.

"Come, quick!" said Julia, "out of hearing of Maria. She wants to hear everything; and I have so many things to ask you. Is it all settled? That was Her, of course. How we used to laugh about Miss Williamson! But I knew all the time it would come true. Of course that was *her*," Julia said, leaning closely upon his arm and looking up into his face.

"I don't know what you mean by *her*. It is Miss Williamson certainly," he said.

"I was sure of it! She is not so pretty as I should have expected from your good taste. But why should she be pretty? She has so many other charms. Indeed, now that I think of it, it would have been mean of her to be pretty. And is it all settled?" Julia said.

She looked at him with eyes half laughing, half reproachful, full of provocation. She was as a matter of fact slightly alarmed, but not half so much as she said.

"I am not aware what there is to settle. We are country neighbors, and I meet them frequently: they go everywhere."

"Ah! so are we country neighbors, *amis d'enfance*: but I don't go everywhere, Lord Erradeen. Yes, I called you Walter; that was for a purpose, to pique her curiosity, to make her ask who was that forward, horrid girl. Did she? I hope she was piqued."

"I heard nothing about any forward, horrid girl. She is not that sort of person. But I prefer to hear about yourself rather than to discuss Miss Williamson. When did you come? and where are you? What a pity," Walter said hypocritically, "that you come so late."

"Ah, isn't it? but what then? We are too poor to think of the season. This is what one's fine friends always do. They ask us for the last week, when everything is stifled in dust — when all you revellers are dead tired and want nothing so much as to go away — then is the moment for poor relations. But mind that you come to Bruton Street," Julia said. "It gives me consequence. They are not very much in society, and a title always tells."

"You do not leave any ground for my vanity. I am not to suppose that I am asked for any other reason."

Julia pressed his arm a little with her fingers. She sighed and gave him a look full of meaning.

"The Tom Herberts will think a great deal of you," she said; "they will instantly ask you to dinner. As for me — what am I that I should express any feeling? We are country neighbors, as you were saying. But enough of me. Let us return to our — lamb," cried Julia. "Tell me, have you seen a great deal of her? How little I thought when we used to laugh about Miss Williamson that it would come true."

"It has come true as it began, in your imagination," said Walter, provoked, and thinking the reiteration vulgar. He was aware that a great many people who knew him were remarking the air with which this new young lady hung upon his arm. They were not equal in this respect. She had few acquaintances, and did not care, nay, would have been pleased that she should be remarked; whereas he began to throb with impatience and eager desire to get away from the comment he foresaw, and from the situation altogether. Julia was very pretty, more pretty and sparkling in the pleasure of having met and secured him thus at the very outset of her too-short and too-late campaign in town, than he had ever known her, and there was nothing that was objectionable in her dress. The Tom Herberts were people

against whom nothing could be said. And yet Lord Erradeen, himself not much more than a novice, felt that to everybody whom they met, Julia would be truly a country neighbor, a girl whom no one knew, and whose object, to secure a recreant lover, would be jumped at by many fine observant eyes. There was no return of tenderness in his sentiments towards her. Indeed there had been no tenderness in his sentiments at any time he said to himself with some indignation, which made it all the more hard that he should thus be exhibited as her captive before the eyes of assembled London now. But notwithstanding his impatience he could not extricate himself from Julia's toils. When, after various little pretences of going to see certain pictures, which she never looked at, she suffered him to take her back to her friends, Lady Herbert showed herself most gracious to the young man. She begged that as Julia and he were, as she heard, very old friends, he would come to Bruton Street whenever it suited him. Would he dine there to-morrow, next day? It would give Sir Thomas and herself the greatest pleasure. Dear Julia, unfortunately, had come to town so late: there was scarcely anything going on to make it worth her while; and it would be so great a pleasure to her to see something of her old friend. Julia gave him little looks of satirical comment aside while her cousin made these little speeches, and whispers still more emphatic as he accompanied her down stairs in the train of the Herberts, who were too happy to get away after waiting an hour for the young lady. "Don't you think it is beautiful to see how concerned she is for my pleasure: and so sorry that I have come so late! The truth is that she is delighted to make your acquaintance. But come, do come, all the same," she said, her cheek almost touching Walter's shoulder as she looked up to him.

Need it be doubted that with the usual malign disposition of affairs at such a crisis, the Williamsons' carriage drew up behind that of the Herberts, and that Walter had to encounter the astonished gaze of good Mr. Williamson, and the amused but not very friendly look of Katie as he appeared in this very intimate conjunction? Julia's face so full of delighted and affectionate dependence raised towards him, and his own head stooped towards her to hear what she was saying. He scarcely could turn aside now to give them one deprecating glance, praying for a suspension of judgment. When he had

put Julia in her cousin's carriage, and responded as best he could to the "Now, remember to-morrow!" which she called to him from the window, he was just in time to see Mr. Williamson's honest countenance with a most puzzled aspect directed to him from the window of the next as the footman closed the door. The good man waved his hand by way of good-night, but his look was perplexed and uncomfortable. Walter stood behind on the steps of Burlington House amid all the shouts of the servants and clang of the hoofs and carriages, himself too much bewildered to know what he was doing. After a while he returned to get his coat, and walked home with the sense of having woken out of a most unpleasant dream, which somehow was true.

As for Katie she drove home without a remark, while her father talked and wondered, and feared lest they had been "ill bred" to Lord Erradeen. "He came with us, and he would naturally calculate on coming home with us," the good man said. But Katie took no notice. She was "a wilful monkey" as he had often said, and sometimes it would happen to her like this, to take her own way. When they reached the hotel, Captain Underwood, of all people in the world, was standing in the hall with the sleepy waiter who had waited up for them. "I thought perhaps Erradeen might be with you," the captain said apologetically. Katie, who on ordinary occasions could not endure him, made some gracious reply, and asked him to come in with the most unusual condescension though it was so late. "Lord Erradeen is not with us," she said. "He found some friends, people just newly come to town, so far as I could judge, a Miss Julia — I did not catch her name — somebody from Sloebury."

"Oh!" said Underwood, excited by his good fortune, "Julia Herbert. Poor Erradeen! just when he wanted to be with you! Well, that's hard; but perhaps he deserved it."

"What did he deserve? I supposed," said Katie, "from the way they talked, that they were old friends."

Underwood did not in his heart wish to injure Walter, rather the other way; he wanted him to marry Katie, whose wealth was dazzling even to think of. But Walter had not behaved well to him, and he could not resist the temptation of revenging himself, especially as he was aware like all the rest, that a lovers' quarrel is a necessary incident in a courtship. He smiled accordingly and said, "I know:

they are such old friends that the lady perhaps has some reason to think that Erradeen has used her rather badly. He is that kind of a fellow, you know: he must always have some one to amuse himself with. He used to be dangling after her to no end, singing duets, and that sort of thing. Sloebury is the dullest place in creation: there was nothing else to do."

Katie made very little demonstration. She pressed her lips tightly together for a moment and then she said, "You see, papa, it was not ill-bred, but the most polite thing you could have done to leave Lord Erradeen. Good-night, Captain Underwood." And she swept out of the room with her candle, her silken train rustling after her, as though it was too full of indignation with the world. Her father stood somewhat blankly gazing after her. He turned to the other with a plaintive look when she was gone.

"Man," said Mr. Williamson, "I would not have said that. Don't you see there is a tiff, a kind of a coolness, and it is just making matters worse? Will you take anything? No? Well it is late, as you say, and I will bid you good-night."

It was thus that the effect produced by Julia's appearance was made decisive. Walter for his part, walking slowly along in the depth of the night towards his rooms, was in the most curiously complicated state of feeling. He was angry and indignant both at Miss Herbert's encounter, and the assumption on the part of the Williamsons that it was to them that his attention belonged; and he was disturbed and uneasy at the interruption of that very smooth stream which was not indeed true love, but yet was gliding on to a similar consummation. These were his sentiments on the surface; but underneath other feelings found play. The sense that one neutralized the other, and that he was in the position of having suddenly recovered his freedom, filled his mind with secret elation. After he had expended a good deal of irritated feeling upon the girl whom he felt to be pursuing him, and her whom he pursued, there suddenly came before his eyes a vision, soft, and fresh, and cool, which came like the sweet Highland air in his face, as he went along the hot London street — Oona standing on the beach, looking out from her isle, upon the departing guest. What right had he to think of Oona? What was there in that dilemma to suggest to him a being so much above it, a creature so frank yet proud, who never could have entered any

such competition? But he was made up of contradictions, and this was how it befell. The streets were still hot and breathless after the beating of the sun all day upon the unshaded pavements and close lines of houses. It was sweet to feel in imagination the ripple of the mountain air, the coolness of the woods and water. But it was only in imagination. Oona with her wistful sweet eyes was as far from him, as far off as heaven itself. And in the mean time he had a sufficiently difficult imbroglio of affairs on hand.

Next morning Lord Erradeen had made up his mind. He had passed a disturbed and uneasy night. There was no longer any possibility of delay. Oona, after all, was but a vision. Two or three days — what was that to fix the color of a life? He would always remember, always be grateful to her. She had come to his succor in the most terrible moment. But when he rose from his uneasy sleep, there was in him a hurrying impulsion which he seemed unable to resist. Something that was not his own will urged and hastened him. Since he had known Katie all had gone well. He would put it, he thought, beyond his own power to change, he would go to her that very morning and make his peace and decide his life. That she might refuse him did not occur to Walter. He had a kind of desire to hurry to the hotel before breakfast, which would have been indecorous and ridiculous, to get it over. Indeed, so strong was the impulse in him to do this, that he had actually got his hat and found himself in the street, breakfastless, before it occurred to him how absurd it was. He returned after this and went through the usual morning routine, though always with a certain breathless sense of something that hurried him on. As soon as he thought it becoming, he set out with a half-solemn feeling of self-renunciation, almost of sacrifice. If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly. This was not a very lover-like frame of mind. He felt that he was giving up everything that was visionary, the poetry of vague ideals, and even more, the inspiration of that face, the touch of that hand which had been as soft as snow. Katie's hand was a very firm and true one. It would give him an honest help in the world; and with her by his side the other kind of aid, he said to himself, would be unnecessary. No conflict with the powers of darkness would be forced upon him. His heated imagination adopted these words in haste, and did not

pause to reflect how exaggerated and ridiculous they would sound to any reasonable ear.

He found Mr. Williamson alone in the room where Katie was usually ready to receive him in her fresh morning toilet and smile of welcome. The good man wore a puzzled look, and was looking over his bill with his check-book beside him on the table. He looked up when Lord Erradeen came in, with a countenance full of summings up.

"Yes," he said, "I am just settling everything, which is never very pleasant. You need to be just made of money when you come to London. Katie is away this morning by skreigh of day. Oh, yes, it was a very sudden resolution! She just took it into her little head. And here am I left to pay everything, and follow as soon as I can. It is breaking up our pleasant party. But what am I to do? I tell her she rules me with a rod of iron. I hope we'll see a great deal of you in autumn, when you come to Auchnasheen."

Walter went back to his rooms with a fire of resentment in his veins, but yet a sense of exhilaration quite boyish and ridiculous. Whatever might happen, he was free. And now what was to be his next step? To play with fire and Julia, or to take himself out of harm's way? He almost ran against Underwood as he debated this question, hurrying towards his own door.

From The Nineteenth Century.
FOX-HUNTING.

PERHAPS no greater anomaly — no more palpable anachronism — exists than fox-hunting in England. Yet it has been called, and is, the "national sport." Why? Population increases; the island is filling up fast. The limited area unoccupied by human dwellings, machineries, and locomotive facilities of all kinds is still, in spite of bad seasons, as a rule fertile enough to supply some considerable proportion of the increasing wants of the nation. Every acre worth cultivating, let waste land reclaimers say what they will, is cultivated; and impoverished landlords and tenants alike are less than ever able to bear the losses inflicted by broken fences, unhinged gates, and overridden wheat, which are the result of the inroads of constantly increasing multitudes of ignorant riders unable to distinguish seeds

from squitch or turnips from tares, and which have already caused the masters of several packs of hounds to discontinue the public advertisement of their meets. Why, then, is fox-hunting, which is generally regarded as the rich man's or country squire's (by no means synonymous terms) amusement, still the popular sport of the nation?

The reason is to be found, first, in the manly predilection inherent to our Anglo-Saxon nature for a sport into which the element of danger conspicuously enters; and, secondly, in that it is essentially a democratic sport, wherein the favorite socialistic ideal, "The greatest happiness for the greatest number," is in some sort realized. The red coat — and not it alone, but the top-boot, or any outward and visible sign of a fox-hunter — covers a multitude of sins. The law of trespass is abolished for the day. The lands of the most exclusive aristocrat are open to the public, whether mounted or pedestrian; and the latter have for some years past shown a keenness for and appreciation of the sport which, though it sometimes does not conduce to its advancement or consummation, is not only remarkable, but also a healthy sign of its continuance in the future.

But the fact is that fox-hunting — from the cream of the cream of sportsmen described by "Nimrod," to the humbler class immortalized by "Jorrocks" — spreads a vast amount of pleasure, satisfaction with self and good-will towards others over a wide surface of humanity. All classes enjoy it. The "good man across country," proud of his skill — prouder still of his reputation, and anxious, sometimes too anxious, to retain it — perhaps derives the keenest enjoyment of all, so long as all goes well; but this important proviso shows that his position is not so secure, as regards happiness, as that of his humbler, less ambitious, or less proficient brethren. A slight accident, a bad start, a sudden turn of the hounds — especially if in favor of some distinguished rival on the other flank — will send him home with a bitterness of soul unknown to and incapable of realization by those whose hopes are centred on a lesser pinnacle of fame or bliss, with whom to be absolutely first is not a *sine quâ non* for the enjoyment of a run.

But supposing all does go well. There is a burning scent, a good fox, a good country; he is on a good horse, and has got a good start; then for the next twenty or thirty minutes (Elysium on earth can

scarcely ever last longer) he absorbs as much happiness into his mental and physical organization as human nature is capable of containing at one time. Such a man, so launched on his career, is difficult to catch, impossible to lead, and not very safe to follow; but I will try to do the latter for a page or two on paper. He is riding on the left or right of the hounds (say the left for present purposes), about parallel with their centre, or a little in rear of them, if they run evenly and do not *tail*, and about fifty yards wide of them. The fields are chiefly grass, and of good size. The hounds are "racing," heads up and sterna down, with very little cry or music — indicative of a scent rarely bequeathed by modern foxes. The fences are, as a rule, strong, but not high — the "stake and bound" of the grazing countries; but ever and anon a low but strong rail on the nearer, or the glimmer of a post on the farther side, makes our friend communicate silently and mysteriously with his horse — a fine-shouldered, strong-quartered animal, almost, if not quite, thoroughbred — as he approaches the obstacle, on the necessity of extra care or increased exertion. It is, as the rider knows, an "oxer," *i.e.*, a strongly laid fence, a wide ditch, and at an interval of about three or four feet from the latter a strong single oak rail secured between stout oak posts. Better for him if the ditch is on the nearer and this rail on the farther side, as, if his horse jumps short, his descending impetus will probably break it, provided it is not very strong and new, in which case a calamity will probably occur; but a collision with such a rail on the nearer side may lead to risky complications of horse and rider in the wide ditch and fence above alluded to.

Our friend, however, has an electric or telephonic system of intercourse with his horse (no whip or spur, mind you) which secures him from such disasters, and he sails onwards smoothly — his gallant horse taking the fences in his stride — and now, the crowd being long ago disposed of, and his course truly laid for two or three fields ahead, he has leisure to inspect his company. Right and left of him (no true sportsman ever looks back) are some half a dozen good men and true going their own line; those on the right perhaps two hundred yards wide of him, as none but a tailor will ride the line of the hounds, and they on their side allow the same lateral space or interval that he does on his. Those on his left are nearer to him, and so far have done their *devoir*

gallantly in the front with himself; but this cannot last. His is the post of advantage as well as of honor, and a slight turn to the right occurring simultaneously with the apparition of a strong "bullfinch," or grown-up, unpleached thorn fence, black as Erebus, with only one weak place possible to bore through, which is luckily just in his line, turns these left-hand competitors into humble followers, for at the pace hounds are going they cannot regain their parallel positions. As time goes on, similar accidents occur to the riders on the right, and these, with a fall or two and a refusal, reduce the front line to two men only, our friend on the left and one rival on the right. A ploughed field, followed by a grass one, ridge-and-furrow and up-hill, makes our friend take a pull at his horse, for the ridges are "against" or across him; they are high and old-fashioned, and covered with molehills, while the furrows are very deep and "sticky," causing even our skilled friend to roll about rather like a ship at sea, and less practised riders to broach-to altogether. As he labors across this trying ground, "hugging the wind," so to speak, as closely as he can, keeping the sails of his equine craft just full and no more, with a tight hold of his head, his anxious eye earnestly scans the sky line, where looms out an obstacle, the most formidable yet encountered — a strong, staken-bound fence *leaning towards him*, which he instinctively knows to be garnished on the other side with a very wide ditch, whether or not further provided with an ox-rail beyond that, he cannot tell. What he sees is enough — considering the ground he has just traversed, and that he must go at the fence up hill — to wish himself safe over. However, with a sense of relief, he sees a gleam of daylight in it, which he at first half hopes is a gap, but which turns out to be a good, stiff bit of timber nailed between two ash-trees. It is strong and high, but lower than the fence; the "take off" is good, and there is apparently no width of ditch beyond. So, thanking his stars or favorite saint that "timber" is his horse's special accomplishment, he "goes for it." It don't improve on acquaintance. Now is the time for hands. Often — oh, how often! — have hands saved the head or the neck! and fortunately his are faultless. Without hurry, just restraining his impatience (he has the eagerness of youth), yet leaving him much to himself, he puts his horse at it in a steady hand canter, dropping his hand at the instant the sensible

beast takes off to an inch in the right place, and he is safe over without even a rap.

A glorious sea of grass is now before him.

Quocunque adspicias, nihil est nisi *gramen* et *aër*!

A smooth and gradual slope with comparatively small fences leads down to the conventional line of willows which fore-shadows the inevitable brook, without which neither in fact nor story can a good run with hounds occur. Now it is that our hero shows himself a consummate master of his art. The ploughed and ridge-and-furrow fields, above alluded to, followed by the extra exertion of the timber jump at the top of the hill, have rather taken the "puff" out of his gallant young horse, and besides from the same causes the hounds by this time have got rather the better of him. In short, they are a good field ahead of him, and going as fast as ever. This would the eager and excitable novice — aye, not only he, but some who ought to know better — think the right time to recover the lost ground, and "put the steam on" down the hill. O fool! Does the engine-driver "put the steam on" at the top of Shap Fell? He shuts it off — saves it: the incline does the work for him without it. Our friend does the same; pulls his horse together, and for some distance goes no faster than the natural stride of his horse takes him down the hill. Consequently the lungs, with nothing to do, refill with air, and the horse is himself again; whereas, if he had been hurried just at that moment, he would have "gone to pieces" in two fields. Half a mile or so farther on, having by increase of pace and careful observation of the leading hounds, resulting in judicious nicks, recovered his position on the flank of the pack, he finds himself approaching the brook. He may know it to be a big place, or be ignorant of its proportions; but, in either case, his tactics are the same. He picks out a spot where no broken banks appear, and the grass is visible on the other side, and where, if any, there may be a stunted bush or two on his side of it; there he knows the bank is sound, for there is nothing more depressing than what may happen, though mounted on the best water jumper in your stable, to find yourself and him, through the breaking down of a treacherous undermined bank in the very act of jumping the brook, subsiding quietly into the water. The bush at least

secures him from such a fate. About one hundred yards from the place he "steadies" his horse almost to a hand canter till within half a dozen strides of the brook, when he sits down in his saddle, and lets him go at it full speed. The gallant beast knows what this means, and also by cocking his ears, snatching at the bridle, and snorting impatiently, shows his master that he is aware of what is before him. Through the combination of his own accurate judgment and his master's fine handling, he takes off exactly at the right distance, describes an entrancing parabola in the air, communicating to his rider as near an approach to the sensation of flying as mortal man can experience, and lands with a foot to spare on the other side of the most dreaded and historically disastrous impediment in the whole country — a good eighteen feet of open water.

And now, perhaps, our friend realizes the full measure of his condensed happiness, not unmixed with selfishness; as perhaps he would own, while he gallops along the flat meadow, not forgetting to pat his horse, especially as he hears a faint "swish" from the water, already one hundred yards in his rear; the result, as he knows, of the total immersion of his nearest follower, which, as he also knows, will probably bar the way to many more, for a "brook with a man in it" is a frightful example, an objectionable and fear-inspiring spectacle to men and horses alike, and there is not a bridge for miles. As for proffering assistance, I fear it never enters his head. He don't know who it is, and mortal and imminent peril on the part of a dear friend would alone induce him to forego the advantage of his present position, and he knows there are plenty behind too glad of the opportunity, as occasionally with soldiers in a battle, of retiring from the fray in aid of a disabled comrade. So he sails on in glory, the hounds running, if anything, straighter and faster than ever. That very morning, perchance, he was full of care, worried by letters from lawyers and stewards, duns, announcements of farms thrown upon his hands; and, if an M. P., of a certain contest at the coming election. Where are all these now? Ask of the winds! They are vanished. His whole system is steeped in delight; there is not space in it for the absorption of another sensation. Talk of opium! of hashish! they cannot supply such voluptuous entrancement as a run like this!

"Taking stock" again of his company, he is rather glad to see (for he is not an

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utterly selfish fellow) that the man on the right has also got safely over the big brook, and is going well; but there is absolutely no one else in sight. It is clear that unless a "check" of some duration occurs, or the scent should die away, or the fox should deviate from his hitherto straight course, these two cannot be overtaken, or even approached. No such calamity—for in this case it *would* be a calamity—takes place; and the hounds, now evincing that peculiar savage eagerness which denotes the vindictive mood known as "running for blood," hold on their way across a splendid grass country for some two miles further with undiminished speed. Then an excited rustic is seen waving his hat as he runs to open a gate for our friend on the left, exclaiming, as the latter gallops through with hurried but sincere thanks, "He's close afore 'em; they'll have him soon!" And sure enough, a field or two further the sight of a dark brown object slowly toiling up a long pasture field by the side of a high straggling thorn fence causes our now beaming rider to rise in his stirrups and shout, for the information and encouragement of his companion on the right, "Yonder he goes!" The hounds, though apparently too intent on their work to notice this ejaculation, seem nevertheless to somewhat appreciate its import, for their leaders appear to press forward with a panting, bloodshot impatience ominous of the end. Yet a few more fields, and over the crown of the hill the dark brown object is to be seen in slow rolling progression close before them. And now "from scent to view," with a final crash of hound-clamor followed by dead silence, as fox and hounds together involve themselves in a confused entangled ball or heap in the middle of a splendid pasture only two fields from the wood which had been the fox's point from the first; and many a violated henroost and widowed gander is avenged!

Our friend is off his horse in an instant, and leaving him with outstretched legs and quivering tail (no fear of his running away—he had been jumping the last few fences rather "short"), is soon occupied in laying about the hounds' backs with his whip gently and judiciously (it don't do for a stranger to be too energetic or disciplinarian on these rare occasions), and with the help of his friend, who arrives only an instant later, and acts with similar promptitude and judgment, succeeds in clearing a small ring round the dead fox. "Whoohoop!" they both shout

alternately, but rather breathlessly, as Ravager and Ruthless make occasional recaptures of the fox, requiring strong coercive measures before they yield possession. "Who has a knife?" They can hardly hear themselves speak; and a fumbling in the pocket, rather than the voice, conveys the inquiry. Our friend has; and placing his foot on the fox's neck, contrives to circumcise and pull off the brush pretty artistically. He hands it to his companion, and wisely deciding to make no post-mortem surgical efforts on the head, holds the stiff corpse aloft for one moment only—the hounds are bounding and snapping, and the situation is getting serious—and hurls it with a final "Whoohoop!" and "Tear him!" which latter exhortation is instantly and literally followed, among the now absolutely uncontrollable canine mob. And now both, rather happy to find themselves unbitten, form themselves on the spot, and deservedly, into a small mutual-admiration society, for they are the sole survivors out of perhaps three hundred people, and ecstatically compare notes on this long-to-be-remembered run. Meanwhile the huntsman first, and the rest of the field by degrees and at long intervals, come straggling up from remote bridges and roads. It has not been a run favorable to the "point rider," who sometimes arrives at the "point" before the fox himself, for it has been quite straight, measuring on the map six miles from point to point, and the time, from the "holloa away" to the kill, exactly thirty minutes.

And here, leaving our two friends to receive the congratulations (not all of them quite sincere) of an admiring and envious field, and to apologize to the huntsman for the hurried obsequies of the fox, whereby his brush and head—the latter still contended for by some of the more insatiable hounds, and a half-gnawed pad or two—are by this time the only evidence of his past existence, I will leave the record of deeds of high renown, and, having shown the extreme of delight attainable by the first-class men or senior wranglers of fox-hunting, proceed to demonstrate how happiness likewise attends those who don't go in for honors—who are only too happy with a "pass," and what endless sources of joy the hunting-field supplies to all classes of riders. In short, to paraphrase a line of Pope, to

See some strange comfort every sort supply.

From the very first I will go to the very last; and among these, strange to say, the

very hardest riding often occurs. When I have found myself as I often have—and as may happen through combinations of circumstances to the best of us—among the very last in a gallop, I have observed a touching spectacle. Men, miles in the rear, seeing nothing of the hounds, caring nothing for the hounds, riding possibly in an exactly opposite direction to the hounds, yet with firm determination in their faces, racing at the fences, crossing each other, jostling and cramming in gateways and gaps. These men, I say, are enjoying themselves after their manner, as thoroughly as the front rank. These men neither give nor take quarter, but ride over and are ridden over with equal complacency, without a hound in sight or apparent cause for their violent exertions and daring enterprises. For though the post of honor may be in front, the post of danger is in the *mêlée* of the rear. Honor to the brave, then, here as in the front. Here, as in the front, there is perfect equality. Here, also, as everywhere in the field, there are the self-assertion, independence, communistic contempt for private property, and complete freedom of action which constitute the main charm of the sport. No questions of precedence here; every man is free to ride where he likes. The chimney-sweep can go before the duke, and very often does so. Here, as in the front, precedence at a fence, gap, or gate is settled on the lines of the

good old plan,

That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can.

The late Mr. Surtees, whose "Jorrock," "Sponge," and "Facey Romford" are immortal characters, used to say that the tail of a run where he himself almost always rode, was the place for sport; that, in addition to the ludicrous incidents there occurring so frequently for his entertainment, human nature could be studied with the greatest advantage from that position. And indeed he was right, for there is more to study from. And with what varieties! the half hard, the wholly soft, the turbulent, the quiescent, the practical, the geographical, and the political or digestion-seeking rider, these men are to be studied from the rear, because few of them are ever seen in front; and nevertheless they return to their homes justified fully as much in their own opinion as he who has in point of fact, and undoubtedly, "had the best of it" all through the run. This merciful arrange-

ment or dispensation makes every rider contented and happy in his own way.

Among these is to be found the "hard" rider who devotes his attention entirely to fences, and never looks at the hounds at all. Consequently, he never sees a run, but is quite satisfied if he jumps a certain number of large fences, and gets a corresponding average of falls in the day. The late Lord Alvanley, seeing one of these gentlemen riding furiously at a fence not in the direction of the hounds, shouted to him "Hi! hi!" and when, the surprised and somewhat indignant sportsman stopped his horse, and turned to know what was the matter, pointed to another part of the fence and added calmly, "There's a much bigger place here!" This man, too, thoroughly enjoys himself, gets plenty of exercise, and at the same time provides good means of livelihood for the local surgeon. Then there is the violent rider, who would be annoyed if he knew that he was generally called the "Squinter," who gallops, but doesn't jump; though from his severely cut order of clothing, general horsiness of appearance, and energetic behavior in the saddle, he is apt to impose on those who don't know how quiescent and harmless the first fence will immediately render him. His favorite field of operations is a muddy lane, where he gallops past with squared elbows and defiant aspect, scattering more mud behind him than any one horse and man ever before projected or cast back upon an astonished and angered public. Through the gate, if any, at the end he crams his way, regardless alike of such expressions as "Take care!" "Where are you coming to?"—an absurd question, decidedly, the object being evident—and also very properly disregarding and treating with utter contempt the man (always to be found in a gateway) who says "There is no hurry!" a gratuitous falsehood, as his own conduct sufficiently proves. In the open field beyond he rushes like a whirlwind past any one who may be in front, and, so long as gates or only small gaps are in his line, pursues a triumphant course. But he has no root, and in time of temptation is apt to fall away: that is, the moment a fence of the slightest magnitude presents itself. Then he fades away—disappears, and is no more seen; yet he, like the ephemera, has had his day, though a short one, and returns to his well-earned rest contented and happy.

Then there is a character for whom I have always had a sincere respect and sympathy—the "hard funkier." Than

he no man has a more cruel lot. He is the victim of a reputation. On some occasion his horse ran away with him, or some combination of circumstances occurred, resulting in his "going" brilliantly in a run, or being carried safely over some impossible place which, though he subsequently, like Mr. Winkle in his duel, had presence of mind enough to speak of and treat as nothing out of the way, and to have jumped which was to him an ordinary occurrence, he could not in any unguarded moment contemplate, allude to, or even think of without shuddering. By nature nervous and timid — weaknesses reacted upon as a sort of antidote by a love of notoriety and a secret craving for admiration and applause — this heavy calamity had occurred to him, from which he could never shake himself free.

The burden of an honor
Unto which he was not born,

clung to him wheresoever he went. Greatness was thrust upon him. He must ride; it was expected from him. *Noblesse oblige!* he hates it, but he must do it. It embitters his life, but he dares not sacrifice the reputation. The eyes of Europe are upon him, as he thinks; and so, though in mortal fear during the most part of every hunting day, he endures it. He suffers, and is strong. Each day requires from him some feat of daring for the edification of the field; and he does it, usually executing it in sight of the whole field, when hounds are running slowly, charging some big fence, which there is no real necessity for jumping, at full speed, and shutting his eyes as he goes over. The county analyst, if called upon to examine the contents of the various flasks carried by the field, would pronounce this gentleman's sherry or brandy to be less diluted with water than any one else's. Honor to him! If you feel no fear, what credit to ride boldly? But if you really "funk," and ride boldly, this is to be brave indeed.

Then among the more passive class of riders comes the man who goes in entirely for "a sporting get-up," especially for a faultless boot, which is generally regarded as a sure indication of riding power. The old Sir Richard Sutton, when asked during his mastership of the Quorn Hounds, whether So-and-so, recently arrived from the country, could ride, replied: "I don't know — I have not seen him go; but I should think he could, for he *hangs a good boot.*" To arrive, however, at this rarely attained perfection of sporting exterior, I

grieve to say that an almost total absence of calf is indispensable; but with this physical advantage in his favor, if he can otherwise "dress up to it," very little more is required from him. He expends all his energies on his "get-up," and when he is "got up" he is done and exhausted for the day, and is seldom seen out of a trot or a lane. Then there is the man "who can tell you all about it." He will describe the whole run, with fervent and florid descriptions of this awkward fence, or that wide brook, not positively asserting, but leaving you to infer, that he was in the front rank all the way; but somehow no one else will have ever seen him in any part of the run. This rider is gifted with a vivid imagination and vast powers of invention, and, as a rule, never leaves the road. Then there is the politician who button-holes you at every possible opportunity on the subject of the Affirmation Bill, extracting from you probably, as your attention is most likely not intent on this matter just then, some "oaths" not required by the statute. Then there is, finally, the honest man who comes out, without disguise or pretence, solely for the benefit of his digestion; who never intends to jump, and never does jump.

All these varied classes are happy, and not a few of them go home under the firm impression that they have distinguished themselves; and some even comfort themselves with the reflection that they have "cut down" certain persons, who are probably quite unaware of this operation having been performed upon them, or may possibly be of opinion that they themselves have performed it on the very individuals who are thus rejoicing in this reversed belief.

With all this there is throughout these varied classes of riders, although occasional bickerings may arise, a general tone of good humor and tolerance rarely to be found in other congregations of mankind. Landlords and tenant farmers — whose natural relation to each other has recently been described by political agitators (with their usual accuracy) as one of mutual coldness, distrust, and antagonism — here meet with smiling countenances and jovial greetings, and the only question of "tenant right" here is the right of the tenant to ride over his landlord, or of the landlord to take a similar liberty with his tenant. Rivals in business, opponents in politics, debtors and creditors — all by common consent seem to wipe off old scores, and, for the

day at least, to be at peace and charity with their neighbors.

One man only may perhaps be sometimes excluded from the benefits arising out of this approximation to the millennium, and he, to whom I have not yet alluded, is the most important of all—the master. No position, except perhaps a member of Parliament's, entails so much hard work, accompanied with so little thanks, as that of a master of foxhounds. A "fierce light," inseparable from his semi-regality, beats on him; his every act is scrutinized and discussed by eyes and tongues ever ready to mark and proclaim what is done amiss. Very difficult is it for him to do right. There are many people to please, and often what pleases one offends another. Anything going wrong, any small annoyance, arriving too late at the meet, getting a bad start, drawing away from, and not towards, the grumbler's home (and grumblers, like the poor, must always be among us)—all these things are apt to be somehow visited on the unhappy master.

Upon the King! let us our lives—our souls,
Our debts, . . . our sins, lay on the King!

Then there is the anxiety for his hounds' safety among wild riders and kicking three-year-olds. He knows each hound, and has a special affection for some, which makes him in gateways or narrow passes, as they thread their way among the horses' feet, shudder to his inmost core. Sir Richard Sutton was once overheard, when arriving at the meet, putting the following questions to his second-horse man: "Many people out?" "A great many, Sir Richard." "Ugh!" "Is Colonel F. out?" "Yes, Sir Richard." "Ugh, ugh!" "Is Mr. B. out?" "Yes, Sir Richard." "Ugh, ugh, ugh! Then couple up Valiant and Dauntless, and send them both home *in the brougham!*"

This same master in my hearing called aside at one of his meets a gentleman, who was supposed by him to be not very particular as to how near he rode to the hounds, and, pointing out one particular hound, said: "Please kindly take notice of that hound. He is the most valuable animal in the pack, and I would not have him ridden over for anything." The gentleman promptly and courteously replied: "I would do anything to oblige you, Sir Richard; but I have a shocking bad memory for hounds, and *I'm afraid he will have to take his chance with the rest!*" All these things are agonizing to a master, and other anxieties perplex him. He

knows how much of his sport depends on the good-will of the tenant farmers, and he sees with pain rails needlessly broken, crops needlessly ridden over, gates unhinged or left open, perhaps fronting a road, along which the liberated cattle or horses may stray for miles, giving their angry proprietors possibly days of trouble to recover them. Second-horse men too are often careless in this respect. But I must here remark as to the tenant farmers, that, as a rule, their tolerance is beyond all praise, especially when, as unfortunately is the case in many countries, the mischievous trespassers above alluded to have no connection with the county or hunt, do not subscribe to the hounds, or spend a shilling directly or indirectly in the neighborhood.

Time was when the oats, the straw, and the hay were bought and consumed by the stranger in the land, who thus brought some advantage to the farmer, and in other matters to the small trader. But now he arrives by train and so departs, leaving broken fences and damaged crops as the only trace of his visit. These are the evils which may lead to the decadence of fox-hunting. But Mr. Oakeley, master of the Atherstone, an especially and deservedly popular man, it is true, had a magnificent proof of an opposite conclusion the other day, when over a thousand tenant farmers, on the bare rumor of the hounds being given up, got up, and signed in a few days, a testimonial or memorial to beg him to continue them, and pledging themselves to do all they could to promote the sport in every way. This is the bright side of a "master's" life.

But not to all is it given to bask in such sunshine. Earnest labor is required to attain this or any other success. And the following rules, I believe, always guided Mr. Oakeley's conduct as a master:—

1. To buy his horses as much as possible from the farmers themselves—not from dealers.

2. To buy his forage in the country.

3. To keep stallions for use of farmers at a low fee, and to give prizes for young horses bred in the district. (In both these objects many are of opinion that the master ought to be helped by the State, as nothing would encourage the breeding of horses so much, or at such small cost.)

4. To give prizes, create rivalry as to the "walked" puppies, by asking the farmers over to see them when they return to headquarters, and giving them luncheon.

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5. To draw all coverts in their turn, and not to cut up any particular portion unduly because it may be a better country with more favorite coverts.

Lastly. To get farmers to act for themselves as much as possible in the management of poultry claims, etc., which they will then have a pride in keeping low. And above all ever to recognize and acknowledge that tenant farmers have, to say the least, an equal voice with the landowners as to the general management of the hunting.

But I have done. I have shown, I hope, that, on the whole, fox-hunting brings happiness to all—the fox, when killed or hard run excepted—but I cannot go into the larger question of humanitarian sentiment; he is often *not* killed; and, till he is, leads a jovial life, feasting on the best, and thief, villain, and murderer as he is, protected even by the ruthless gamekeeper. In return for this his day of atonement must come. But for the sport, he would not have existed; and when he dies gallantly in the open, as in the run above depicted, his sufferings are short. I myself like not the last scene of some hunts, when, his limbs having failed him, the poor fox is driven to depend on the resources of his vulpine brain alone. Often have I turned aside, declining to witness the little stratagems of his then piteous cunning; nay, more, I confess, when I alone have come across the hiding-place of a “beaten fox,” and he has, so to speak, confided his secret to me with his upturned and indescribably appealing eye, it has been sacred with me; I have retired softly, and rejoiced with huge joy when the huntsman at last calls away his baffled pack.

Altogether, I maintain that, with such exceptions, at small cost of animal suffering, great enjoyment is compassed by all. There are miseries of course even out hunting; there are rainy days, bad scenting days, and inconvenient mounts. The celebrated Jem Mason, a splendid rider and quaint compounder of expressions, used to say that the height of human misery was to be out hunting on an “ewe-necked horse, galloping over a molehilly field, down hill, with bad shoulders, a snaffle bridle, one foot out of the stirrup, and a fly in your eye.” But he dealt in figurative extremes. He replied to some one who asked him as to the nature of a big-looking fence in front: “Certain death on this side, my lord, and eternal misery on the other!” Such sorrows as these are not much to balance against the

weight of happiness in the other scale. So I myself in my old age still preserve the follies of my youth, and counsel others to do the same. “Laugh and be fat,” says some modern advertisement. “Hunt and be happy,” say I still. But who shall pierce the veil of the future? As with the individual so I think it is with nations. They too when they grow old should preserve, or, at least, not too remorselessly extinguish their follies. I fear lest in grasping at the shadow of national perfection we only attain the reality of a saturnalia of prigs—an apotheosis of claptrap. Legislation has performed such queer antics lately that the angels must be beginning to weep. And ugly visions sometimes haunt me of a time coming, which shall be a good time to no man, at least to no Englishman, when an impossible standard of pseudo-philanthropy and humanitarian morality shall be attempted; when the butcher shall lie down with the lamb, the alderman with the turtle, and the oyster shall not be eaten without anæsthetics; when nature itself shall be under the eye of the police, and detectives watch the stoat’s pursuit of the rabbit and keep guard over spider’s webs; when all property (and not in land alone, my advanced friend!) save that of Hardware magnates, who have made a monopoly and called it peace, shall be confiscated as an “unearned increment” to the State; when we have by legislative enactment forbidden the prevention and sanctioned the admission of loathsome diseases, and anti-fox-hunting may be as loud a cry as anti-vaccination; when there is a Parliament on College Green; when “the languishing nobleman” of Dartmoor is free, and repossessed of his broad acres, which, in his case alone, because they so clearly belong to some one else, shall escape confiscation; when, as a final climax to our national madness, we have employed science to dig a hole under the sea, and, by connecting us with the Continent, deprive us of the grand advantage which nature has given us, and which has conferred on us centuries of envied stability, while thrones were rocking and constitutions sinking all around us; when, having already passed laws not only to prohibit our children being educated with the knowledge and fear of God before their eyes, but even to forbid his very name to be mentioned in our schools, we deliberately and scornfully abandon our ancient religion and admit proclaimed infidelity and public blasphemy to the sanction, recognition, and

approval of Parliament; then indeed we need not wonder if we lose not only our national sports, but our national existence; and if Divine Providence, giving practical effect to the old quotation,

Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat,
allows England, after passing through the phases of insanity which she has already begun to display, to be blotted out from the nations of the world.

W. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE OLD VIRGINIAN GENTLEMAN.

No man with a soul within him could enter Virginia for the first time with the same feelings of indifference that he would cross the borders of Ohio or Indiana. Shocking as is the Englishman's ignorance of America's past, the fields of Virginia, at least, even through the windows of a Pullman car, will call up dim visions of George Washington and the Fairfaxes; of Captain Smith and Pocahontas; of La Fayette; of Mr. Jefferson, in his blue coat and three-cornered hat, jogging along the country road; of Patrick Henry thundering at king and Parliament; and if all these figures are not outlined so distinctly on the traveller's memory as perhaps they should be, there will be at least a lurking tenderness for the scenes of that dreamy old plantation life that through the medium of wandering minstrels in more recent times fascinated our childhood, and with the echoes of its banjos gave us the romantic side of slavery. Then it is but yesterday that slavery itself perished upon these self-same fields, and made them the theatre of one of the most gigantic wars of modern times. Here, winding beneath the railroad is an obscure brook, whose name twenty years ago was in every Englishman's mouth as it ran red with the blood of slaughtered thousands. Here a country village, where the fate of a great nation hung for twenty-four hours upon the balance; and if any monument is wanting of this Titanic struggle, where would you find one so complete as in the great graveyards that, scattered over Virginia, bristle thick with tombstones of Federal and Confederate dead! It is at a little station not one hundred and fifty miles south of Washington that I would ask the reader to alight. For several hours we have been running south, and been gradually drawing nearer to a

chain of blue mountains, whose wavy outlines have been following us since midday upon our right, and climbing gradually higher and higher into the western sky. Between us and them lies an undulating landscape of field and forest, rich in the gorgeous coloring of the south, and bathed in the warm light of declining day.

Our old friend the general's carriage, is there to meet us, and the beaming black face of his grey-headed Achates, greets us with grins of recognition from the box, and with numerous tugs at the brim of his shabby wide-awake, as we and our trunks and the mail-bags are hustled on to the platform, by the snorting and impatient train. He wears no livery, it is true. The carriage has not been cleaned for a month. The horses probably have been taken this very afternoon from the plough; but what of that? Is not the hospitality all the greater on that account? The station-master does not rush out and touch his hat, but the general is quite as much honored as if a cloud of obsequious porters and powdered footmen had assisted in our removal from the train to the trap; not from a standpoint merely of mutual respect — that might apply as well in Nebraska or Ohio — but simply on social grounds alone, as a Montague of Berkeley County, Virginia, who has in no way failed to maintain the credit of that highly respected and aristocratic family. The founder of the Berkeley Montagues, it is well known, surveyed in 1710 those large tracts of land upon Tuckahoe Creek in that county, which was then a wilderness poorly protected from Indians by a block-house, which they still in part own, while the title-deeds of the family are a grant given under the hand and seal of "Good Queen Anne."

In our five-mile drive we pass numbers of farmhouses of all sorts and sizes — some new, some old, some large, some small, sometimes with shady porches embowered in annual creepers, and sometimes old straggling gardens full of box and honeysuckle and myrtle, thyme, and balm, and many half-forgotten herbs; but these are not inhabited by Montagues. Rippling streams cross the road in every valley, for it is mostly up and down hill. Nothing can be more picturesque than the country through which we are travelling; sometimes the rough and winding road leads us through woodlands whose large leaves wave above our heads, sometimes through open fields, where the tobacco just ripening for the cutter's knife is spreading its dark green leaves above

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the warm, red soil, and where the tall Indian corn in all the splendor of its full foliage rustles gently in the evening wind. Here, too, to the right and left, stretch wide stubble fields with their deep carpet of annual weeds over which in a month's time the sportsman's setters will be ranging for the coveys of quail, but now half grown. In the valleys soft meadows spread their level surface fresh from recent rains along the margin of willow-bordered streams that water and enrich them, while over their soft turf the shadows of overhanging woodlands grow longer and longer as the light of day declines. From the tall tobacco-barns comes the familiar odor of the curing of the first cut plants, and thin clouds of smoke above their roofs hang clearly against the reddening sky. Negro cabins of squared logs cluster upon the roadside on sunny hilltops, or in shady glens, while from field and forest comes the wild melody with which the Ethiopian cheers his hours of toil. Behind all, though many miles away, the grand masses of the Blue Ridge Mountains lie piled against the western sky, their rocky summits, their chestnut-shaded slopes, their deep ravines hollowed by white cascades that thunder ceaselessly through hemlock groves and shrubberies of rhododendrons and of kalmias, all mellowed into a uniform tint of the softest and the deepest blue.

We are now upon the ancestral acres of the Montagues, or what is left of them, and the horses without shout or effort on Caleb's part, turn suddenly from the main road, where the latter is bounded on both sides by an oak forest, and dash along a tortuous track, whose character of privacy, as roads go, no one would for a moment venture to doubt, as Caleb, with the skill of constant practice, ducks his head beneath, or dodges it to one side of the hanging boughs that every now and then scrape familiarly along the roof of the carriage. A big white gate, hung upon by half-a-dozen negro urchins, armed with books and slates, lets us out again into the open country, and there, upon a hill in front of us, with groves of oak behind, and apple-orchards before it, the fortress of the Montagues looks out over the surrounding country. Once more we drive into a valley, and once more the horses are standing knee-deep in a little river, while Caleb, for the last time, assists them to appease their apparently quenchless thirst.

This is the famous Tuckahoe Creek

mentioned in Queen Anne's grant. It has been dear since then to generations of Montagues. As men it has turned their grist and saw mills; as children they have paddled in its gravelly shallows among the darting minnows; as boys they have learned to swim in its swirling pools or dragged the seine-nets for chub and perch, or stalked the blue-winged ducks that now and then in early autumn go whistling along its surface. Many a field of the Montague tobacco too has it washed away or buried in the mud, and many a deep channel has it cut through cornfield and meadow in those occasional freshets whose violence has caused the years in which they occurred to stand out as local landmarks in the flight of time by the fireside of the negro and the poor white. No Montague has ever built a horse-bridge across it. Railway companies and city corporations are the only people that build bridges in Virginia; and many an impatient lover and returning wanderer, in summer thunder-showers or in winter storms, has waited in despair on its further bank while the turbid waters have been rolling six feet above the gravelly bed of the ford, and rippling over the hand-rail of the little foot-bridge, that in fair weather does excellent service in its way.

A short struggle up the hill beyond brings us to the plateau on which the homestead stands. In front is the mansion itself with its two acres of lawn and as much more of kitchen garden, surrounded partly by a wall, and partly by a picket-fence. Behind are the barns, out-buildings, negro cabins, resonant at this hour of sunset with all the sounds incidental to a Southern farmhouse at close of day. Negresses, their heads bound round with colored handkerchiefs, and carrying tin milk-pails on them, come calling down the lane for the long line of cows that are slowly splashing through the ford beneath; negro ploughmen are coming in on their mules and horses singing lustily to the accompaniment of their jangling trace-chains; pigs and calves from diverse quarters, and in diverse keys, hail the approach of their common feeding-hour, while through all, the dull thud of the axe from the wood-pile seems to strike the hour of the evening meal.

If picked to pieces there is nothing specially attractive about the general's house; but to any one who had been wandering among the whitewash, and fresh paint, and crudeness of the ordinary Northern or Western rural districts, there

will be much that is refreshing in this old Virginia home. The present house, built upon the site of the original homestead, dates back only to the year 1794, and was planned, a family tradition relates, by Mr. Jefferson, who was a second cousin of the then proprietor. However that may be, we have at any rate the long portico resting on white fluted columns which the great statesman is said to have done a great deal in making characteristic of Southern country houses. The high brick walls are unrelieved by ivy or by creepers, but the green venetian shutters thrown wide open almost cover the space between the many windows, while behind, innumerable offices and buildings of every conceivable shape and material, and set at all angles, gradually lose themselves among the stems of a grove of stately oaks.

In the lawn fence before which our carriage stops, fifty yards short of the front door, there used to be a big gate, and a sweep up to the house for driving purposes, but in these rough and ready days, when there is no regiment of juvenile dependents to keep the weeds picked off, the turf has been allowed to usurp everything that it will, and little vestige is left of the once frequented gravel track. So we dismount at the wicket gate which now is sufficient for all purposes, not, however, before Caleb has rent the air with a tremendous shout, and brought from the back quarters of the house a stout negro woman, and a very irresponsible-looking boy of the same persuasion, whose black faces beam with the Ethiopian instinct of pleasure at anything like company. Nor are these the only answers to the stentorian appeals of Caleb which in the South do duty for door-bells, but half-a-dozen foxhounds and setters come bounding towards us with open mouths and bellowing throats. From behind the masses of annual creepers, that, trained on wires, stretch from pillar to pillar of the portico and screen its occupants from view, the flash of a newspaper is for a moment seen, and an elderly gentleman descends the stone steps and comes towards us with hospitable haste. His hair and moustache are as white as snow, his face well chiselled, his figure erect, and his eye clear. A somewhat shabby garb is forgotten in the gentleman as he greets us cordially and simply, but with an old-fashioned, gracious hospitality — this undecorated and unpensioned hero of a hundred fights. It is no disparagement to the breeding of an Englishman

or of a Northerner to say that he has a charm of manner that they in their busier and more populous world have long forgotten.

As we cross the lawn the shadows of half-a-dozen great oaks in which the general takes especial pride, are just dying from off the grass. The "bull-bats" or nighthawks in the air above us are circling to and fro. Against the dark hedges of box and arbor vitae and trellises laden with honeysuckles, the fireflies, when the short twilight fades into night, will soon begin to dance their ceaseless round; various trees, both deciduous and evergreen, have been scattered about at different times by different Montagues. Here are mulberries that speak of a time some forty years ago when the culture of the silk-worm was being urged by the French upon the Virginian planters as a means of utilizing the mass of female and decrepit labor that was increasing on their hands. Here the mimosa, most beautiful of trees, invites the humming-birds, which in summer mornings hover among its fragile leaves. The shapely maple from the forests of western Virginia, the silver aspen, the acacia, the cherry, all are there. An English holly, brought from eastern Virginia, where it is indigenous, has for many a year given the genuine touch to Christmas decorations of house and church, of which the general, who planted the tree as a boy, has always been proud, though not so proud as he is of the magnolia which he brought himself from Louisiana, long before the war, and which now taps the eaves of the house at the corner where, as a mere shrub, he planted it.

As from the depths of a cane chair upon the broad verandah we see the short twilight fade, and through the waving streamers of bignonia, cypress, and Madeira vines, we watch the full moon rising slowly into the sky, and shedding its light over mountain, field, and woodland, there is a sense of peace and softness over everything that speaks of a happy latitude where the extremes of northern and southern climes temper one another, and where a singularly picturesque country echoes to the sounds of a singularly picturesque and old-world life. There would most probably come over the senses of the stranger a feeling of having at last lit upon a spot in rural America that had not been regarded as the mere temporary abode of a family engaged in the production of dollars, but where there is the look of a race having long taken root, to whom

dollars were not everything. The sights and sounds of farmhouse life are near the door it is true, yet it is the old home of a family whom you would have no difficulty in believing, did you not know it, to have been something more than farmers.

Within the house a broad hall reaches from end to end; its floors shining and slippery with polish; its walls wainscoted half-way to the ceiling, their upper half simply whitewashed and covered with emblems of rural life. Antlers of deer killed fifty years ago in the dense forests on the eastern border of the county, or trophies of more recent expeditions across the Blue Ridge to the wild hunting grounds of the Alleghanies. Suspended from these hang old shot-flasks and powderhorns that have served the general and his generation in days gone by, before trouble fell upon the land. In the corner stands the Joe Manton and the long Kentucky rifle, that five-and-twenty years ago were the weapons of the Southern squire in stubble and in forest respectively. Here, on another wall, a younger generation of nephews from Richmond or Baltimore, who look on the home of their fathers as a happy hunting-ground for autumn holidays, have hung their "Greens" and their cartridge belts. The remainder of the wall is relieved by a map of the county, a picture of the University of Virginia, the Capitol at Richmond, and several illustrated and framed certificates of prizes taken by the general at agricultural shows.

It is in the drawing-room, however, that the treasures of the family are collected. Here again oak wainscoting and whitewash, with carved chimney-pieces clambering up towards the ceiling, silently protest against your conventional ideas of America; and here too the floor — for the winter carpets have not yet been laid down — shines with polish, and is treacherous to walk upon. Brass dog-irons of ponderous build, and as old as the house, shine against the warm brick hearth, waiting for the logs that the cool October nights will soon heap upon them. Old-fashioned tables that suggest all kinds of grandmotherly skill in silk and worsted, cluster in the corners of the room. Upon the walls hang the celebrities that the good Virginian delights to honor. Here Washington, surrounded by the notables of his time, both men and women, is holding his first reception. Here Mr. Jefferson looks down upon an old cabinet containing bundles of his private letters to the general's grandfather, full of the

price of wheat, and the improvement of the country roads, dashed now and again with allusions to the advantage which the young republic would gain from sympathy with France rather than with her unnatural parent Great Britain. Here too, Patrick Henry, the greatest popular orator America ever produced, with his long face and eagle eye, hangs above an armchair which a family legend treasures as having rested the old man groaning under the ingratitude of his countrymen upon his last political campaign. There engravings of the Vienna Congress, of Queen Victoria, and of the famous royalist Colonel Tarleton, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, remind you that blood after all is thicker than water. Two or three ladies in the costume of the first George, and as many gentlemen in wigs and swords, could tell you, if they could speak, of the big square mansion of English bricks upon the Chesapeake shore which they still looked upon as the home of their race, and there too in the post of honor above the high chimney-piece is the general's uncle, the senator, who, as every one in America knows, was minister to France in 183—.

Here, too, in utter defiance of the commonest rules of modern decorative art, hang specimens of the earlier efforts of photography, framed moreover in fir cones and in forest leaves! French-looking men in grey uniforms with stars upon the collars of their tunics. In the centre are Lee and Jackson. Around them are those of this family and their friends who fought and bled by their side. The other rooms apart from the furniture are much the same. There is a library where the books are kept in high, glass-covered shelves, and where modern periodicals, Richmond, New York, and local papers, with pirated editions of some of the English reviews, lie scattered on the table. A dining-room also wainscoted and whitewashed, with a long table in the centre, surrounded by cane-bottomed chairs, a bare floor, a side-board containing some curious specimens of old silver, and a chimney-piece devoted entirely to petroleum lamps — a room meant to eat in, not to sit in. There is no bell in the house, but it is not much wanted, as an obsequious darkey even in these days of freedom follows you to your room and anticipates your wants.

When supper is over (for late dinner has never crept into southern life, even Baltimore still dines at unearthly hours), we drift naturally into the verandah. The general's wife has appeared and made tea,

but you will not see much of her. She has a soft voice, has once been pretty, and was a Harrison of Sussex County—a distinction which in Southern ears has the same sort of ring as that of a Courtenay of Devon, or a Percy of Northumberland would have in this more exacting land. She will tell you, if you ask her, that there were many months between '61 and '65 in which she was glad to get a little corn-flour, and green coffee, and also of how she buried the plate beneath the magnolia on the lawn when the Yankee general threatened to make "Oak Ridge" his headquarters, and how the negroes remained faithful to her all through the war, and cried when they were told they were free and had to go. She captivated the general thirty years ago at the White Sulphur Springs; and in the comprehensive ideas of kinship which exist in Virginia they doubtless up to that time ranked as cousins.

The general has sent to the barn for some tobacco, and through bowls of red clay such as were smoked by the father of Pocahontas, and long reed stems from the swamps of North Carolina, we blow clouds into the balmy night, and listen to the general's stories of the past.

The general, of course, talks over old days. He has sobered down about the war. In fact, like many of his neighbors, he was himself against secession, or all thoughts of it, till the mutual aggravations and the complications of those feverish times drove him into the struggle in which he so pre-eminently distinguished himself. He is immensely proud of the part his State played in the war, however, and if you saw him every day for six months, he might bore you on the subject; but who can be surprised that the stirring scenes of those five years should be uppermost in the evening of a life that has otherwise been spent in the unbroken monotony of country pursuits?

He never liked the North, and never had anything in common with them. Their ways were not his ways, and for years the intolerance of either waxed stronger from a mutual ignorance born of absolute social separation. He has, however, little rancor left, and is conscious rather of having come well out of the struggle in at least public estimation. His fallen grandeur is soothed by being made the hero of the novels and the magazine articles of his prosperous and triumphant but generous foe. He lives in dignified retirement, courting no man, and civil to all; but they, in the fulness of their heart, forget the

stubbornness of his rebellious blade, and in the growing cosmopolitanism of their rampant prosperity, pat him on the head as a curious historic and social relic of which nationally they are proud. He rather likes all this, but takes it with his tobacco, puts it in his pipe, and smokes it, in fact, as he used to thirty years ago the bloodhound stories. Outside opinion to the general and his generation are not of much consequence, as death alone will put an end to the conviction that he and his compeers are representatives of a past social state that was superior to everything, not only in America, but on earth.

The general's only brother was a captain in a U. S. cavalry regiment when the war broke out, and he will tell you of the struggle of conscience that decided the latter against his worldly interests to a course that some partisan historians have flippantly stigmatized as treachery—a treachery that very often gave up comfort and future honors, friends and professional devotion, for the cause their native State had seen fit to embrace, whose hopelessness was far better realized by such men than by their civilian and untravelled brethren at home. He was killed at Shiloh, and his sword hangs in the hall; while our friend, his brother, who had never seen anything till then but a militia muster, rose to be a general.

It is a common fallacy to credit the Southern planter with an unusual amount of profanity. Whatever may be the case in the extreme South, the ordinary conversation of the Virginian of all classes is more free from bad language than that of any Anglo-Saxon community on either side of the Atlantic I have ever come across. The general is certainly no exception to this rule, and as a fair specimen of his class, has a strong reverence for religion, and respect for the Episcopal Church of which he, like his fathers before him, is a member. The parson who officiates in the building whose wooden spire we could see peeping above the general's woods were it daylight, has *ex-officio* eaten his Sunday dinners at Oak Ridge ever since the Montagues revived Episcopacy in the county after the lapse caused by its identification with Toryism during and after the Revolutionary War.

The general still reads the lessons on Sundays, and when some unusually ancient and "good old tune" is sung, his deep voice may be heard booming lustily above the piercing notes of the rustic choir. Here upon the verandah, with his

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legs crossed and his chair tilted back against the wall, he will talk to you of the glorious days of old, of the hundred negroes of all ages and sizes that every Christmas assembled beneath his roof, and when barn and cabin echoed to the thud of their stamping feet and to the banjo's twang, when a gentleman was a gentleman, and people knew how to "place" one another. Of how most of his old friends who sat upon the bench of the county court with him in the old days when magistrates were gentlemen of influence and property, are dead, or gone to the great cities, and the country homes with which their names have been associated passed into other hands. "I know it's foolish," says he, "but somehow I hate to see the old Virginia ways and fashions passing away. The war was necessary; we were a parcel of fools together, and got well whipped for our pains, though we gave the Yankees some trouble to do it, and I own everything turned out for the best; but I tell you, gentlemen, I wish the old arrangement had lasted my time any how. There were no happier people on earth than we were. Take this county"—and as the general says this, he drops the front legs of his chair and his feet simultaneously on to the porch floor, and waves his hand out to where the moonlight is streaming over the lawn and the woods behind, and the stubble-fields and the pastures and the winding stream in valley beneath—"there were perhaps a dozen such places as this, owned by people of our class. We were all brought up more or less together. We fought and scuffled at the local school when we were youngsters, and followed one another as young men to the University of Virginia, fox-hunted and shot together, danced, raced, and intermarried, till we had lost all count of our relationships. We rarely travelled abroad, because we couldn't leave our large households of slaves and the responsibilities entailed by them for so long; and to tell you the truth, we were not very flush of money as a rule. To say that we were generally in debt, though true, would leave a false impression. Our plantations, dear to us though they were, were of nothing like the value of our slave property, whose increase we preferred to borrow money upon rather than to sell, from motives of pride and kindness towards our dependents; but we were heavily overstocked, and often lived for years on paper.

"I know we were provincial and egotistic. We thought ourselves bigger men

than we really were, but our political control at Washington did much in saving us from the mental stagnation that our bare literary record might imply.

"Whatever else we were, we were always farmers and country gentlemen, but, in addition, were often judges, senators, bankers, physicians; that the Yankees, when the war broke out, thought we were enervated by luxury, is a proof of how little the two sections knew of one another in those days (and I sometimes think they don't know much more now.) There never was luxury in your sense of the word in Virginia. Such as you see my home to-day it has always been, and the meal my wife gave you to-night you would have got in 1860,—for thank God and a good plantation and a taste for farming, I have never since the year after the war had to want for the ordinary comforts of life. I pay more attention to grass and improved cattle than of old. I have seeded much of my alluvial low ground to timothy, and cut all the hay I require every year from them, and the rest produces as heavy crops of Indian corn per acre as the Ohio valley, and has done so from time immemorial. Upon the poorer uplands I range my cattle, and grow what wheat and oats my own people and horses require. I have set out a vineyard which is fast coming into bearing, and have planted several hundred peach and apple trees, for the benefit, if not of myself, at any rate of those that come after me. Negro tenants cultivate the odd corners of the property in tobacco and corn on shares with me, and upon the whole I have no great cause to complain.

"Twenty years ago, however, it is not at all likely you would have been sitting in the porch alone with me as you now are. The chances are, there would have been half a dozen here, and double the number of young folks frolicking in the parlor. We sometimes scare up a right smart crowd, even now, when the city people are out here in the summer; but, bless me, I've seen the men lying so thick on the floors, tucked up for the night, you could hardly get about the house without treading on them.

"Then, in those days, as I before said, you knew who was who. Now if your daughter goes out to a dance in the neighborhood, the chances are she is escorted home by young Smith whose father kept the store at the forks of the road yonder when I was a boy, or young Jones who measures calico in a dry-goods store in town. Perhaps that's all right; mind

you, I don't want to say anything against it. We are a free country now, and a republic (worse luck to it), but I sometimes feel like the old Lord Fairfax, who, on hearing in the backwoods of Augusta County, of Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, told his servant to 'carry him up-stairs to die, as there was no use in his living any longer.'

"Then there was a large class of good, honest yeoman farmers living amongst us, also slave-holders, that were welcome to a seat at our table, or a bed for that matter, if they came along, and with whom we were on a familiar and friendly footing, but still they were not of us. Their families and ours did not even pretend to associate. The annual call they made perhaps as neighbors was a mere relic of very old colonial days when families were more dependent on one another, and a sort of feeble protest against class distinctions—a mere show of equality that hurt nobody and amounted to nothing, and that the very negroes laughed at. But if we held our heads above the large yeoman who very often had considerable property, and nearly as many negroes, sometimes more than we had, they in their turn looked down on the smaller farmers, who again revenged themselves by their contempt for the overseers and the poor whites. In fact," says the general, laughing, "we were a powerfully aristocratic people, I promise you, and you will find the fires still smouldering through the country now, and working with the new elements if you lived here long enough to get below the surface —"

"Mar'se George. Oh,* Mar'se George." The voice is Caleb's from out the darkness; he has stolen round the house and his white teeth are flashing on us from the foot of the verandah steps.

"Hullo, Caleb, what's up?"

"Mar'se George, sah dars suthin the matter wid dat ar sorrel mar agin, 'pears like she's powerful oneasy a snortin' an' a gwine on; I thote I'd jes git you to step round an' look at her."

While the general, who, like all Southerners, can not only break, buy, and ride a horse, whether he be farmer, merchant, or lawyer, but doctor one, too, in a rough and ready fashion, gets his stable lantern and hurries across the lawn towards the lodging of the "sorrel mar," we revel

silently in the balmy night. The ceaseless trill of frogs and tree-crickets seems to grow louder now; all sounds of human voices have ceased; great-winged beetles and cockchafers go swinging through the trellis work of cypress and trumpet flowers, and fall with a thud upon the verandah floor; bats flit backwards and forwards before the lighted windows; the night owl hoots gloomily from the orchard, and the whippoorwill fills the valley below with his plaintive song; fireflies dance against the dark background of shrubbery, while the great oak-trees above us gently rustle their leaves on which the moonlight is streaming from a sky cloudless and twinkling with a myriad stars.

"Then as for sport," continued the general, having once again seated himself at his favorite angle, "those antlers in the hall were of course not taken here. Of partridges and turkeys we had plenty, and still have, but my father was a great sportsman, and we owned, like many other families, a quantity of wild land in one of the south-western mountain counties. In fact, nearly the whole of — County at that time belonged to us. It did not amount to very much as a property. Our Virginia mountaineers are tough customers, and they squatted all over the valleys at a nominal rent, which had to be drawn from them like their eye teeth. The old gentleman, however, had a fancy for the place, and used to come home with a whole string of horses behind him as the revenue of his principality. But we boys, and indeed all our friends, used to look forward keenly to the annual excursion to the mountains. My father had a pack of hounds of which he was exceedingly proud, and with which he would hunt foxes at home, and deer when we went to — County. A long cavalcade it used to be that every October started from this door for the mountains. My father and one of his old cronies in the big carriage, two wagons full of provender, ammunition, blankets, etc., and fifteen or twenty friends and servants, mounted on saddle-horses in the rear. The ninety miles used to give us three days of travelling, and at the end our mountaineer tenants used to throng to meet us at the rude shooting-box with stories of deer and 'bar,' wonderful to listen to, and with eyes looking wistfully at the corner where the whiskey jar always stood. I could fill the night with stories of the odd ways and curious simple lives of these mountaineers, though none of them were such curiosities as old Jake, my father's negro

* Oh — the universal Southern prefix when calling any one is barely spellable, and is pronounced in various ways, and long or short according to the distance the voice has to travel. Oh, aw-er, aw, waw-er, as nearly represent the actual sounds as anything could.

huntsman. Caleb here was his nephew, and helped him as a boy with the dogs, and moreover is the grandest liar we have in these parts. He's sitting up with the horse, so we'll call him and make him give you a specimen, before we turn in. Caleb, these gentlemen want to hear about Uncle Jake's great Christmas fox-chase."

"Lor me, Mar'se George, them ar' times done gone so long now, I most disremember all 'bout 'em."

"Why it's not six weeks since I caught you telling it to those New York gentlemen in the stable; let's have it now without any variations."

"Well, gen'l'mens, it wur some fifteen or twenty years befo' s'render, when I wur just a chap sorter helpin' roun' Uncle Jake, now the ole jedge, that is Mar'se George's pa, had been fooled ever so many times by an ole red fox in Carter's Mountain, not a great ways from yer, and got sorter mad with the dogs, an' ole Jake who loved dem ar' hounds jes' as if they'd bin folks, swore he'd cotch that fox if it took him the whole of Christmas week to do it in. The jedge had a big 'dinin' o' the quality on Christmas day, an' ole Jake he jest slipped off with the hounds 'bout day in the mornin' and struck that fox's trail right to onst. He'd got sorter used to de ole red, and knowed what line he'd take, fo' sho'. He never went far from home, but jes' kept gwine on roun' and roun', more like a grey fox. 'Bout dinner time I guv' over, as the plough mule on which I rode began to get kinder played out, but ole Uncle Jake had taken the best horse in the stable, and jes' pitched right on near the hounds, who were all the time on the trail and makin' a heap o' fuss. After dinner I took another horse and slipped out to see if I could hear anything o' the ole man, an' there sho' nuff the hounds were travellin' roun' the mountain where they'd first found the fox. I soon cotched 'em, and kep' along with Uncle Jake till sundown, and when I began to talk 'bout gwine home fo' dark the ole man jes' ripped and cussed, and said he'd stay wid dat ar fox till the new year, fo' he'd let him go. Well, gen'l'mens, I jes' thote he'd got may be a 'tickler' o' whiskey in his pocket, and was sorter up-pish on that account, so left him my fresh horse an' rode, or rather led, his'n home. In the morning when I went round to the stables and quarters, I didn't see no hounds, nor horse, nor yet no Uncle Jake. So, says I, I'll jes' put the saddle on the grey colt, and a pone o' corn bread and some meat in my pocket, and slip out and

see if the ole man's still at it. Well, sirs, I rode roun' till near midday when suddenly I sees a dog cross the road befo' me, then a whole string comes along, and I sees Jumper — Frolic — Beauty, and the rest of them, you could 'most see through 'em they were so thin, and though they had their mouths open, and was tryin' to raise a bit of a fuss it warnt no manner o' use.

"I knew Uncle Jake warnt far behind and presently sho' nuff there was a rustlin' in the wood, and he cum out right agin me, the miserablest sight you ever seed. He didn't 'pear to notice me much 'cept just to slip off his horse and to git on mine. I put the pone o' bread an' the meat in his pocket, an' he went lopin' off after the dogs on the colt.

"There wur no show for me but to git home with the mar' who looked as tho' she'd drop dead in her tracks. I dursn't fool with no mo' horses, an' jes' quietly sot up for Uncle Jake that night, but durn me if it warnt for nothin', two o' the hounds cum sneakin' in 'bout sundown, but that wur all. Next mornin', I went to ole mar'se, the jedge, and he an' the company with him thote it a mighty good joke, and the biggest kind of a crowd started out to look for the chase. There wur nothin' left to hear, an' it wur about eleven o'clock he struck right in agin the whole gang, and I wur with him, or no one would believe, gen'l'mens, what I tell you now for, fo' God sar, *the fox wur walkin', the hounds were walkin', an' ole Jake on the colt were walkin'* all within twenty steps of one another. Lord! you should ha' seen the ole jedge, I thote he'd a bust hisself with laughin'. He sent for a wagon an' put the fox, the hounds, and ole Jake inter it, and had 'em druv home. That's jes' as true, gen'l'mens, as I'm a livin' man."

From The Leisure Hour.

SOME FASHION-GLEANINGS, FROM 1744 TO 1768.

IN looking over a volume containing newspapers of various dates, issued in London and several other large towns, I have found various scraps of fashion-gossip, and other notices of English social and domestic life, which carry me back to the middle of the eighteenth century, the scenes of which appear with a reality and a vividness which I only hope may present itself to my readers.

Then, as now, Paris reigned supreme, a very queen of fashion, and the most minute and intense interest is taken in the doings of the court of that period. Here is a specimen : —

January, 1744. — They write from Paris that the diamonds of the lords and ladies of the Court of Versailles at the grand ball of the 25th of last month were valued at 250 millions, which is near twelve millions sterling; those of the Dauphin and Dauphiness alone were actually worth forty-five millions of livres, and those of the King and Queen seventy millions.

Our next notice is of a different class; it is an extract from a London paper, and is dated —

Dundee, September 13th, 1745. — The young chevalier is now in our neighborhood, and but far too well attended. The Government and King George want not friends among us. The whole army under the Pretender moved last Wednesday to Dunblane, and are daily growing in numbers. Lord Ogilvie is now at Montross, and has committed great outrages in this country, and is threatening also to visit Dunblane. I cannot say what the number of the armed rebels may amount to; some say four, others five, and others seven thousand.

The Pretender makes himself very popular. He is dressed in a Highland garb of fine silk tartan, red velvet breeches, and a blue velvet bonnet, with gold lace round it and a large jewel of St. Andrew appended. He wears also a green ribbon, is above six foot, walks well and straight, and speaks the English or broad Scots very well.

And here is fashion on the other side : —

Edinburgh, February 1st, 1746. — On Thursday, at three in the morning, the Duke of Cumberland arrived at the Abbey, not in the least fatigued. He went to bed and slept near three hours, so that by eight he was busy with General Hawley and General Huske, and the rest of the principal officers, who all appeared in boots. His Highness had no time to go into Edinburgh all that day, and could scarce be persuaded to allow the ladies to be admitted for one hour; but at last he agreed to receive them at seven in the evening, and none to stay after eight. The ladies attended at the time appointed, very richly dressed. His Royal Highness received them very familiarly; saluted each of them. One, Miss Car, made a very fine appearance. At the top of her stays, on her breast, was a crown, well done in beugles, and underneath, in letters, "WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND." On the right side of the crown was the word "Britain's," and on the left "Hero."

Can you not imagine the agony of fright Miss Car or Kerr was in all that first day of February, 1746? I can. The "beugles" must have taken an immensity of

stitching on to her stays. I wonder if the prince took particular notice of the fair lady who did him so much honor.

The next we have is from the *London Gazette* : —

June 17th, 1751, Lord Chamberlain's Office. — Orders for change of mourning for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on Sunday next, 23rd inst. — viz., the men to wear black, full-trimmed, plain or fringed linen. Black swords and buckles.

Undress — Grey frocks.

The ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, black and white shoes, fans and tippets, white necklaces and earrings; no diamonds.

Undress — White or grey lutestrings, tabbies or damasks.

Lutestrings, tabbies, and damasks! All names that have utterly vanished from the world of fashion. A "lutestring" was a plain, stout silk; the name, by-the-bye, corrupted from lustring. A "tabby" was a kind of waved silk, usually watered, manufactured like taffeta, but thicker and stronger (the latter a fine, smooth, silken stuff, having usually a remarkably wavy lustre, imparted by pressure and heat, with the application of an acidulous fluid, to produce the effect called *watering* — it was of all colors, and often striped with silver and gold). These two must have been very much what our *moiré antiques* and watered silks are. A "damask" was a heavy rich figured silk, with varied figures, such as flowers set, evidently the counterpart of our richest figured silks. It seems rather odd that these three excessively rich materials should be ordered for *undress*, while plain black silk was for state use.

Apparently at that period English ladies had a reputation for being good dressers; for read this : —

September 17, 1751. — A fine doll is made by Mr. Church's daughter, in St. James's Street, with different dresses to cloath it, and is to be sent to the Czarina, to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among the English ladies.

We read the result of this doll's mission a month later.

From Petersburg we hear that the Czarina of Russia has of late taken such a fancy to the dress of the English ladies that she has desired to have dolls sent over from London completely attired in the various dresses now in fashion at Court and in the City, as also in deshabil and riding habits. Her Imperial Majesty intends to introduce the same at her Court; though it is feared some alterations may appear here ere the dolls can be com-

pletely rigged out, or at least before they can reach Petersburg, one moon being sufficient to give a turn to fashion.

That terrible woman, Elizabeth Petrovna, was just then in the zenith of her power. It is difficult to imagine her occupying herself with anything so harmless as foreign fashions. True, she did found a University and an Academy of Art, two clean spots in the vast blot of which her character consisted.

December 29, 1763. — The ribbon manufacturers of Spitalfields are busy making up a quantity of fine ribbons of proper colors and curious devices to be ready against the marriage of Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta.

Here is another exceedingly interesting announcement: —

July, 1745. — We hear an academy will soon be established at the Court end of the town (London) to teach young gentlemen to curl and paper up their hair in order to qualify them for posts in the Army.

It may be meant for a joke, but it is inserted between two paragraphs which certainly have no "joke" about them. I note invariably, however, that the humor of a hundred years ago, if it is not so broad as to be coarse and even worse, is so carefully wrapped up that we cannot without much consideration discover it.

June 24, 1764. — When a certain great Minister of State took his leave of some persons of distinction he did it in a fustian frock, and not *à la mode de Paris*, which puts them a little out of humor, they deeming it a mark of contempt, and therefore returned the visit in the same manner.

Poor minister of state! How he must have felt the rebuke!

Here is another scrap of fashionable gossip *à propos* of a well-known politician: —

April, 1768. — So great is some people's veneration or enthusiasm for Mr. Wilkes, that we are assured a gentleman has lately had a coat made, on the button-holes of which are embroidered the words *Wilkes and Liberty*.

The following deals with a subject of ever-recurring interest: —

February 5, 1765. — Several eminent silk manufacturers of Spitalfields attended on Friday at the Treasury, and were examined by their lordships upon the decline of that valuable branch of trade. It is said a noble countess, highly distinguished for her public spirit, has declared her intention of wearing only British manufactures, and to encourage the manufacturer has allowed him to affix to his name and sign, "Weaver to Her Ladyship."

This surely must have been an ancestress of the great champion of English industry, Lady Bective. It is so annoying not to know her name. Whoever she was, the noble countess brought high influence to her aid; for see the announcement: —

A stocking manufacturer at Doncaster, who lately sold twenty pairs of stockings at a guinea each pair, has got a commission from some of the nobility for six pairs at six pounds each pair, which he has undertaken to execute. To so great perfection is that branch of British industry arrived.

Rather a long price, is it not? Another paragraph says: —

June, 1766. — We hear Her Royal Highness Princess Caroline Matilda has particularly requested that her wedding cloaths and Her Royal Highness's other dresses shall be made of the manufacturers of England.

Poor ill-fated princess! I find close by the account of that marriage, which, until she died broken-hearted nineteen years later in the Castle of Lille, brought her only wretchedness and misery.

October 2, 1766. — Last night between seven and eight Her Royal Highness the Princess Caroline Matilda, youngest sister of our most gracious Sovereign, was married by proxy to the King of Denmark, His Royal Highness the Duke of York standing proxy for His Danish Majesty. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Council Chamber of St. James's. This morning about half after six the Queen of Denmark set out from Carlton House, attended by Lady Mary Boothby, Count Bothman, and several other persons of distinction, in three coaches-and-six and two post-chaises, escorted by a party of Horse Guards and a numerous train of attendants, for Harwich, to embark on board the yacht for Rotterdam, from whence Her Majesty will proceed to Denmark. Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Gloucester, Prince Henry, and the Princess of Brunswick were at Carlton House between five and six in the morning to take leave of their royal sister, which was very affecting on all sides, and the Queen of Denmark shed tears when getting into the coach.

I do not wonder at it. What a forlorn marriage! What an ordeal, to go all alone, at least without any of her own kith and kin, into a foreign country and among strangers to meet a husband who had not taken the trouble to fetch her from the land of her birth! Small wonder that she shed tears on getting into the coach.

In 1767 we find two very amusing letters from a lady and gentleman of fashion.

Though rather long, they are both so laughable that I must give them in full.

October, 1767. — To the Printer of the "St. James's Chronicle:" — Sir, — It hath often been observed that we English people are remarkable for extremities — that is, that we are remarkable for acting in opposition to those wise maxims which tell us, *In medio tutissimus ibis*, or *In medio consistet virtus*. Though an Englishman, I have candor enough to acknowledge the truth of the accusation, and I think it was never more exemplified than at present by my countrywomen in the enormous size of their heads. It is not very long since this part of their sweet bodies used to be bound so tight and so amazingly snug that they appeared like a pin's head on the top of a knitting-needle. But now they have so far exceeded the golden mean in the contrary extremity that our fine ladies remind me of an apple stuck on the top of a small skewer. If I am not mistaken the head of the Venus de Medicis measures about one-tenth of her whole body. This, therefore, we may very justly conclude to be the just proportion. In proportion, therefore, as a lady deviates in her appearance from that standard, the nearer she approaches to our idea of a monster. How then is it possible that a fine lady can imagine herself agreeable in the eyes of a spectator when her head makes a full fourth of her whole body? I often frequent the playhouse, and between the acts am wont to regale myself with contemplating the charms of my fair countrywomen; but really their heads of late have become so enormous that, in order to behold them without disgust, I find myself under the necessity of imagining them to be so many Patagonians, and consequently that the feet of those in the boxes are on a level with the floor of the orchestra. This I find to be a much more tolerable idea than to suppose them to be dwarfs, with giants' heads. Pray, sir, inform these fair ladies that without proportion there can be no beauty, and that an oyster-wench *in puris naturalibus* is a much more desirable object than a brocaded monster. But, cries her ladyship, it is the fashion, *Fie! fie!* my good lady, I expected a more rational answer. Ought a woman of your understanding to be led into manifest absurdity by a parcel of foolish ridiculous female coxcombs and French *friseurs*? — I am, Sir, yours, etc.

It is severe, and the writer seems to have held the popular belief that the Patagonians are the veritable sons of Anak. Little more than a year previous to the date of his letter had appeared a short account of the natives of that country, which our severe friend had evidently seen, and, seeing, believed. Here it is: —

August 19, 1766. — There is no doubt of the Patagonians being as tall a people as has been represented — viz., between eight and ten feet. As a corroboration one of the ship's people (it

does not, by-the-bye, say what ship) brought home with him a skeleton of one of their hands, which measures sixteen inches from the joint of the wrist to the fingers' ends, and every way large in proportion. Their children are five feet high at two years old, and their women are adorned with bracelets of gold. They do not inter their dead, but by a preparation eat off their flesh and hang the bones in a box up a tree, many of which were seen and might have been brought away easily.

Just a proof that travellers see strange things, and geese at home believe them. I find, on looking into the subject, that the Patagonians average five feet ten, but are *known* to reach six feet four. Not more extraordinary in height than the Englishmen we are accustomed to see every day.

And here is the reply to the letter: —

October 14, 1767. — Sir, — In your paper of Saturday I read a letter of criticism on the present taste of the ladies' head-dresses. I cannot help thinking it severe and indeed scurrilous to compare the fairest of the creation to monsters. Insufferable! it is an impertinence not to be forgiven by the injured sex. I must confess the extravagance of the present mode is ridiculous in a great degree and really ought to be corrected; but then, in a more gentle manner than your correspondent has done. We women, you know, are generally deemed weak; if this argument is allowed, our little foibles should be overlooked; and I think I may with justice vindicate my own sex, by saying they are not half so absurd in their dress as the *men*, who are supposed to have sense superior to us, consequently should not rush into such extremes. I am sure they deviate from their *great sense* when they make themselves such enormous figures as they do at present. What is there on earth that has a more ridiculous appearance than a powdered beau? I would advise your satirical friend to compare a lady's and a gentleman's head together, then let him say which object is the most worthy of ridicule; if he speaks candidly, I am apt to think the verdict will be given in favor of the lady. For my part, I can compare a fine gentleman's head to nothing better than a round-cut yew-tree in a white-frosty morning. I could wish these very (would-be) wise beings did not make themselves appear *such very great dolls* by finding fault with those who are so very much more perfect than themselves. — I am, Sir, your friend, LEONORA. — Grosvenor Square.

A couple of nice, pleasant, complimentary letters, are they not? I really cannot tell which gets the best of the argument — both are somewhat too fluent to be very effective; a dozen words, terse and strictly to the point, would have been better. As an example, a man once said to a young lady, a distinguished-looking girl,

who was accustomed to plenty of admiration, and had at times as keen a tongue as any one I know, "I don't like the way you do your hair." The girl looked him coolly up and down, from head to feet, and back again. "I should be very sorry if you did," she remarked quietly. Of course there was a general laugh, and of course he left that young woman alone for the future.

H. V. P.

From Chambers' Journal.
PARISH FOOLS.

By "fools" we do not mean the general class of persons indicated by the word, but that smaller class of the community commonly called "parish fools" or "naturals." Those unfortunates, without being habitually or necessarily insane, usually labor under some hallucination, which overshadows their lives, and causes them, when under its influence, to indulge in such freaks and fancies as are peculiar to the lunatic; though, when freed from the cloud obscuring their mental vision, they act very much like their neighbors.

Such was Sandy Macintosh, who flourished in the beginning of the century. A native of one of the northern parishes of Caithness, he was as well known for twenty miles round as the kirk steeple. The swiftest runner and the most trustworthy messenger in the place, Sandy was kept in constant employment, and numbered among his patrons both the laird and the minister. The peculiar delusion under which he labored was a conviction that he had been born for the express purpose of slaying his Satanic Majesty, and many were the wild-goose chases embarked in by Sandy to annihilate the arch enemy; for he recognized him—so he averred—under all shapes and forms, such as a crow, a hare, or a black cat; and when started in pursuit of the foe, would follow up the trail for hours, nay, sometimes for days. In vain the minister—whom Sandy accounted his particular friend—strove to convince him that the enemy of mankind was a spirit, and as such invisible. No argument, however telling, had any effect on Sandy. He listened respectfully, it is true, as he always did, to everything, however trivial, uttered by his friend; but when the reverend gentleman paused for lack of breath, the fool invariably remarked, with a sagacious nod: "Weel, minister, ye ken best; though there's ae

thing ye have overlooked. Ye canna deny what's written in the guid book, 'The devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.' And when I see ye fechtin' him Sabbath after Sabbath, bangin' the pulpit, and shaking your fist at him, says I to myself: 'Sandy, man, it's odds but some day ye'll catch the deil napping, and then the minister will thank you for that day's work.'" So Sandy remained unconvinced, and continued his hunting exploits with such zeal, that the black cats of his neighborhood had need of all their "nine lives" to elude his persistent pursuit.

Now, the minister was in the habit of killing a "mart," or fat ox, at Hallowmas, for the consumption of his family during the winter. The beef was salted, and the hide sold at the nearest town. That important functionary who in Scotland is termed the "minister's man" was usually intrusted with the disposal of the skin; and on this particular occasion had departed with his burden somewhat late in the evening. But the night was fine, and he trudged along the road for some miles with no thought save the speedy fulfilment of his errand. Presently he heard approaching the sound of footsteps, and a voice, which he recognized as that of Sandy Macintosh, singing, "We'll gang nae mair a-roving sae late into the night." The opportunity for playing a trick was irresistible; and resolving to give Sandy a fright, the minister's man wrapped the hide about him, taking care that the horns should stand up on his head. Thus equipped, he crouched along the dike-side till the fool made his appearance round the bend of the road, then uttering an unearthly yell, sprang from his hiding-place right in his path. But he reckoned without his host, when he thought to terrify Sandy. That individual only recognized in the apparition before him but another form assumed by the enemy; and with a shout of defiance, rushed on the foe, and struck him a resounding blow with his staff. Whack! whack! the blows rained hard and fast on the shoulders of the unlucky joker, who, unable to bear the pain any longer, and too terrified to discover himself to the enraged fool, managed to wriggle unperceived out of his hirsute covering and scramble over the dike, where he lay hidden, scarcely daring to breathe.

Sandy was very much astonished when he observed the total collapse of the foe. He probably anticipated a severe struggle, and was surprised at his easy victory.

Be that as it may, without stopping to pronounce an oration on the fallen, the fool slung the hide over his shoulder and started at a trot to the manse. Arrived there, he knocked loudly at the door, and on the appearance of the servant, demanded to see the minister. That was quite out of the question, he was informed; the reverend gentleman had retired for the night, and could not be disturbed. But Sandy was not to be balked. With an impatient "Haud oot o' my way, lass," he pushed past the girl, made his way to the minister's bedroom, knocked at the door, and without waiting for an invitation to enter, marched in. The minister had been reading in bed; but on the abrupt entrance of his visitor, threw aside his book, exclaiming: "Why, Sandy, man, what brings you here at this time of night?"

"Great news, minister—great news!" cried Sandy.

"What news?" asked the pastor, catching something of his visitor's excitement. "Have the French landed?"

"French indeed!" quoth the fool contemptuously. "I ken naething about thae frog-eaters."

"Well, what *is* your great news?" reiterated the minister impatiently.

"It's just this—I've killed the deil; and there's his hide;" and flinging the skin on the bed, our friend stalked with injured dignity from the room.

Sandy remained unconvinced to the end of his life that he had not in very truth slain the arch enemy, and declared in confidence to the laird, that the minister wasn't so grateful as he might have been for the good turn he had done him. After the supposed decease of the enemy, Sandy became more settled in his habits, but continued to plume himself not a little on his gallantry, complacently adding that "it wasn't everybody had taken the deil by the horns, as Sandy Macintosh had done."

Somewhat akin to Sandy was an Orkney contemporary of his, one Mansie of Queenamuckle. Mansie's particular craze was implicit belief in the presence of supernatural beings, with whom, he declared, he had long and interesting conversations. It is possible had Mansie lived in these enlightened days of table-turning and spirit-rapping, that the spiritualists might have discovered in him a powerful medium. But fortunately, or unfortunately, for him, spiritualism was as yet unborn in the beginning of the century, and he was consequently exposed

to the ridicule of his neighbors, who did not scruple to call him "the fool of the parish."

The following anecdote illustrates the peculiar twist in Mansie's mental organization. A farmer had intrusted him with a commission to buy a couple of pigs and some fowls in the island of Rousay, and bring them to his house in the neighboring parish of Evie. The farmer's boat was placed at his disposal; and one fine morning Mansie started for Rousay, arriving at his destination without any mishap. In a short time the pigs and poultry were on board, and Mansie set off on his homeward voyage. But alack and alas! in the hurry of departure, he had neglected to make fast the mouths of the sacks in which the grunterns were stowed away. Being descendants of the "wise pig," these animals quickly discovered that egress from their prison was possible, and with a simultaneous grunt of delight, rushed from the sacks, and capsized the boat.

Had Mansie been minding his business, such a catastrophe might have been averted; but as usual, his thoughts were far away, and he only realized his dangerous position when he found himself struggling in the water with the pigs and poultry floating around. Fortunately, the upset occurred within a couple of hundred yards of the shore. But our friend could not swim, and there were no straws to clutch. "Necessity, however, is the mother of invention," and Mansie clutched the tails of his pigs! There is reason to believe the animals rebelled at such a liberty; but nevertheless they eventually landed both themselves and their burden.

Mansie was soon surrounded by a small crowd of sympathizers, who condoled with him on the loss of the poultry—for the fowls were drowned—and put many questions regarding the upsetting of the boat. But our friend was deaf to every question; "his eye had fallen into a trance," and such a trivial matter as the loss of his employer's property troubled him not. Presently he opened his mouth and said: "Ken ye, my frien's, what happened to me when I was far doon at the bottom o' the mighty ocean?"

"What was it, Mansie?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Weel, when I was haudin' on to the tails o' the beasties, thinkin' my last hour had come, there was a sound o' wings above my head, and I heard the birds o' paradise singing, 'Come, Magnus, come.'"

A burst of derisive laughter greeted

this extravagant statement, and one of the younger members of the group suggested "whaups" (curlews) as the original of Mansie's birds of paradise.

"Whaups, indeed!" snorted that individual. "I tell you they *were* the birds o' paradise. It's no the first time I've heard them." And Mansie in high dudgeon at the scepticism of his auditors, proceeded to secure his four-footed friends in their respective sacks — which, with the boat, had drifted ashore — and once more embarked on his homeward voyage.

Very different from Sandy Macintosh and Mansie of Queenamuckle, was Shambling Willie. A Shetlander by birth, Willie lived some fifty years ago near the town of Lerwick. Of respectable parentage, he had received a fair education, loved reading, and was always to be seen, with head very much on one side, shuffling along the streets of his native town carrying three or four of his favorite authors secured by a strap. Willie's eccentricities were rather trying to his neighbors. He was in the habit of entering their houses surreptitiously, and made nothing of pouncing on anything eatable and carrying it off. A favorite time for such raids was New Year's day, as he was sure to secure something particularly savory at that festive season. He had a fine nose for the good things of this life, though he wasn't extra particular whether the viands were underdone or overdone.

One New Year's day, when prowling in the vicinity of a Lerwick gentleman's house, he was attracted by the odor of roast goose. Now, Willie fairly doted on roast goose, so he immediately began revolving in his mind ways and means of securing the object of his desire. Stationing himself near the kitchen window, he had the pleasure of observing the noble bird slowly turning on the spit, tenderly basted by a buxom old dame, whose soul was evidently in her task. From his coign of vantage our friend could perceive the exits and entrances of the cook, who flitted to and fro, but never absented herself long enough from the kitchen to permit of Willie carrying out his intentions. Patience, however, had its reward at last. The dining-room bell rang, and the old dame vanished. Willie's opportunity had come. Dashing into the kitchen, he seized the goose, and made off with it. But he was hardly a hundred yards from the house, when the cook returned, discovered the theft, and catching sight of our friend from the window, started in hot pursuit. Willie, however, had no idea

of relinquishing the prize, so he put his best foot foremost, and made for the Nab — a high rock some little distance from Lerwick. Gnawing the goose as he ran, he occasionally turned round to shake it insultingly in his pursuer's face, whom he invited to catch him if she could. Cook was asthmatic; moreover, she foolishly spent her breath in calling the marauder all manner of uncomplimentary names; consequently, she lost ground, while Willie gained it. Still, she kept up the chase, goaded to unusual energy by the heart-rending spectacle of the impending destruction of her master's dinner. At length Willie reached the Nab; farther he could not go unless he took a header into the sea. Cook came puffing along, vengeance in her eyes; but just as she thought she had the thief in her grasp, he eluded her, tossed the remains of the goose over the cliff, snapped his fingers in the old dame's face, and took to his heels, chuckling gleefully. He had circumvented Madam Cook, secured a good dinner, and was triumphant.

Shambling Willie had yet another adventure at the Nab which is worth relating. A West Indian negro, a professor of mesmerism, had come to Lerwick to deliver a series of lectures, and on the evening of his arrival had gone for a walk in the direction of the Nab. Now, Willie had heard of the mesmerist, and as he had never seen a black man in his life, was exceedingly anxious to make the professor's acquaintance. With this object in view, he had been prowling round the outskirts of the town ever since the negro's arrival, and when he saw him walking towards the Nab, started in pursuit. The professor was for some time unaware of Willie's approach, until he heard hurried steps behind him; and turning round, beheld what he believed to be an escaped lunatic tearing after him, and shrieking in the squeakiest of voices: "Stop, man, stop, or I'll be the death o' ye!" Terror laid hold on the mesmerist, and he fled; but what was his horror, on reaching the Nab, to find that unless he jumped over the cliff, he could not escape his pursuer. In his dilemma, the professor thought he would try the effects of mesmerism on the lunatic. Willie was but a few yards distant, when he turned and confronted him with folded arms and wild, rolling eyes.

Our poor friend stared for a moment at the negro, then, unable to bear his piercing glance, rushed away, shrieking: "It's the deil himself; he'll be the death o' me." The pursued now became the pursuer.

Willie ran, and the professor ran after him. There are people still living who remember seeing our friend and the black clattering down the principal street of Lerwick, and hearing the agonizing cry of the former: "It's the deil himsel; he'll be the death o' me."

Presently Willie dived through an open door, taking care to bolt it after him; while the negro professor returned to his hotel highly delighted at what he considered a striking proof of the omnipotence of his art.

Shambling Willie has been dead these thirty years, but his memory is still kept green by the older inhabitants of his native town.

From The Spectator.

ORGANIZED CHARITY IN SWITZERLAND.

THE Charity Organization Society has given expression to a sense of dissatisfaction with the desultory, haphazard character of our benevolence, which had long been a growing one in many minds. But it is somewhat humiliating to us Englishmen, who boast of being practical, to find that what we have only been talking about, and trying to do, within the last few years, has been actually done in a Swiss city for more than a century. There has been no talk about charity organization in Bâle, but since the year 1777, the canton has possessed a society (*Gesellschaft zur Beförderung der Guten und Gemeinnützig*), established on so simple and broad a basis as to afford room for the organic development of every form of benevolence, so that at the present day (or at least at the end of 1881) it can provide at once for forty-five different objects, which in practical England would have required forty-five offices, forty-five paid secretaries, forty-five separate subscription lists, and forty-five separately published yearly reports. It has over seventeen hundred members, over £8,000 funds, and an income of over £3,000. Its objects include the improvement of the dwellings of the laboring class, public eating-rooms, baths and washhouses (including men's and women's swimming-baths), athletics, a skating-rink, public lectures, Sunday schools for girls, choral singing, various libraries, kindergarten, infant schools, drawing and modelling schools, music-schools, sewing-schools, assistance of various kinds to clever or to poor scholars, provision for orphans, the maintenance of

apprentices, help to discharged prisoners, the care of young deaf mutes, the protection of the insane, the prevention of cruelty to animals, the embellishment of the environs of Bâle, a savings-bank, sick and burial societies, an asylum for the aged, the furtherance of domestic industry, the providing of appliances for the relief of the sick, the maintenance of the city museum of natural history and of its mediæval collection. The machinery of the Society consists, besides a directorate (*Vorstand*) of nine persons, for the most part of separate committees for the several objects, ranging from three to seventeen members; in other cases, where particular undertakings have passed out of the hands of the Society, or are simply contributed to by it, of from one to four delegates for each of such. In one or two cases, companies or societies which have sprung out of it report directly to it. For it has repeatedly happened in the history of the Society that it has served as pioneer to the State, and has seen objects taken up as of public obligation which it had originally sought to compass by private effort; whilst in other cases, the work which it has initiated has either so developed itself as to require an organization of its own, or from its costliness has required this from the first. Hence, its forty-five present objects represent nearly seventy which it has had in all, although new ones are frequently added, in place of those which have passed out of its hands. In a few cases, indeed, it has had simply to give up what it had undertaken. In other cases, where a first attempt had failed, another has succeeded in later years. Thus, instead of the senseless, sickening, intolerable competition of charity with charity which fills the advertisement columns of the *Times* and the waste-paper baskets of every person who has a discoverable address, these Swiss burghers have made it a practice, for now these one hundred and six years, to bring their benevolence to a focus, to set it to work in a manner which is at once the most practical and the most scientific, and which at the same time answers best to the spirit of true Christian fellowship. No political or religious differences have ever been suffered to exclude from its membership; it has been found wide enough for men of the most various characters, sympathies, and tendencies.

The following passages from the rules of the Society, which were adopted on Easter Day of 1777 by the seven original members, may seem to explain the large-

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ness of its aims: "Object of the Society. — The furtherance, encouragement, and extension of all that is good, praiseworthy, socially useful, all that can raise and increase the honor and welfare of the community, the happiness of the citizen, and of mankind at large, has a right to the attention of the Society. Choice of Members. — Admission to the Society must therefore be open to every friend and furtherer of that which is good. Duties of Members. — Every member, in the same manner as he will strive for himself to make that use of his knowledge, his gifts, his position, his fortune, which he considers most conducive to the general happiness, so will he also have always this principle before his eyes in reference to the aims of this Society." The Society thus presupposes active individual benevolence as a many-sided duty, and then proceeds to make it collective. Hence, whilst it has not disdained to spend money freely on occasional commemorative festivals (more particularly that of its centenary, in 1877), it has been able to do its quiet work without any grand yearly dinners, and, above all, without any voting machinery; and yet it has grown almost uninterruptedly, though slowly at the first. Its income during its first year was only 2,126 francs (say, £85). After 1809, it was never under 3,000 f.; after 1815, never under 5,000; after 1816, never under 6,000; after 1821, never under 7,000; after 1829, never under 8,000; it was over 9,000, in 1830; over 10,000, in 1831; over 14,000, in 1834; over 15,000, in 1838; over 34,000, in 1851; over 42,000, in 1863; over 47,000, in 1874. Its lowest number of members was 121, in 1784; in 1804, it was over 200; in 1813, over 300; in 1823, over 400; in 1827, over 500; in 1845, over 600; in 1853, over 700; in 1861, over 800; in 1868, over 900; in 1869, over 1,000; in 1870, over 1,100; in 1871, over 1,200; in 1872, over 1,300; in 1874, over 1,400; in 1876, over 1,500; in 1881, over 1,700, being more than three per cent. of the whole population. What is still more remarkable is that the same names remain connected with it during its century and more of existence. Its founder was one Isaac Iselin, and a Major Rudolf Iselin was its treasurer in 1882, and twenty-one Iselins are among the subscribers. A Peter Burckhardt was another of the seven original members, and three Burckhardts were members of the Directorate for 1882, besides over seventy subscribers of the name. A Jacob Sarasin was another original member, and a Sarasin-Stehlin was a

director for 1882, besides ten subscribers. An Andreas Merian was another original member, and a Hoffmann-Merian was president for 1882, besides thirty-eight subscribers. Thus, out of the seven original names, four appear after the lapse of one hundred and six years in the Directorate of the Society, and only one seems to have died out of the list of members. There is surely something very fine in this hereditary benevolence, generation after generation devoting themselves to the furtherance of a common work. No doubt, the S. P. G. in this country and a few local charities, might afford similar instances out of their subscription lists; but few amongst us would be disposed at the first blush to connect such fixity of purpose with republican institutions. And there is something touching to note that, although the area of the Society's operations is local, it has many members not only in other cantons, but in foreign countries. One subscribes from Heidelberg, another from Milan, a third from Naples, two from Havre, another from Weimar, another from London, another from Troyes, another from Marseilles, another from New York, another from St. Alban's. (Be it observed that the report gives simply a list of members, not the quota of individual benefactions.)

It may, indeed, have been noticed that among the various objects of the Society there are none of a directly religious character, although the Protestant Union for Church-singing (*Kirchengesangsverein*) reports to it, as well as the Klein-Basel Choir (probably Roman Catholic), and a delegate from the Church Choir (*Kirchengesangschor*, apparently a different body from the first-named). That the existence of the Society has in no wise quenched religious zeal in Bâle, nor its restriction to local objects narrowed the range of Bâle benevolence, is shown clearly by the coexistence in the same city of the well-known Bâle Missionary Society, almost the pioneer among such institutions, and which has rendered signal services to Christendom. Many clergymen are members of the *Gesellschaft zur Beförderung der Guten und Gemeinnützigen*, and it is obvious that its position is in no wise that of antagonism to the Christian faith, but rather of friendly, but wholly unsectarian, co-operation with it.

It would, of course, be idle simply to imitate such a body in this country, or even in this metropolis, this "province covered with houses," of which the Canton of Bâle City would form but a frag-

ment. The field is long since preoccupied,—the vested interests of hundreds of charities would no longer allow of the growth of a body capable of combining so many important objects as the Bâle Society. But it is a question whether some inspiration might not be derived from its example. It is possible to conceive of a group of friends, united, perhaps, by the influence of some precious memory, bringing together their efforts, in whatever direction, for what is right and good, and instead of trying to set up separate societies (a benevolent nobleman is reported to have said that he sometimes lay awake at nights for thinking what new societies required to be formed), resolving themselves into committees only, all acting in harmony with each other. What might grow out of such an attempt at co-operation in benevolence, time alone could show. But our present competition in benevolence is as odious as it is wasteful.

From The Jewish World.
FISH IN THE TALMUD.

OF the very few references to fish in the Bible, the most significant is the verse in Numbers xi. which tells how the Israelites in the desert hungered for the finny denizens of the deep they had enjoyed in Egypt. From this we gather that fish was, as it is yet, a favorite article of food with the Hebrews. The sacred narrative, however, has nothing more to say on this subject. It is silent as to the trade which so pronounced a taste must have stimulated, inexorably dumb on the all-important question of cookery; and if we want to know anything more, we must search through the weary pages of the more voluminous Talmud. Fortunately for piscatorial literature, the rabbins were domesticated, men who devoted no small amount of attention to the questions involved in the supply and preparation of creature comforts. Hence we have in their discussions ample materials for ascertaining the part played by fish in the economy of Palestinian society at a very early age. The yearning which expressed itself so wailingly in the wilderness had suffered no diminution in the period associated with the Talmudic doctors. From the seaboard, lakes and rivers of the Holy Land, the supply of fish was plentiful, the internal trade active and prosperous, and the consumption very large. The Sea or Lake of Gennesaret was particularly dis-

tinguished for the abundance and choiceness of its fish—so much so that the local proverbial equivalent for our modern "carrying coals to Newcastle," was "bringing fish to Acco" (Acre, the nearest port to Gennesaret). The southern portion of the lake was a noted fishing-ground, and the whole district teemed with busy communities of fishermen, and fish-curers and picklers. It does not seem that the traffic was regulated by any specific laws except one, reputed to be as old as Joshua, and which insisted that fishing should be quite unrestricted in order that the people might enjoy the full measure of the food yielded by the generous waters. This is an early solution of the "Harvest-of-the-Sea" question that should commend itself to the genial president of the International Fisheries Exhibition. Markets for the sale of fish seem to have been plentiful in Palestine. A gate on the north-east side of Jerusalem was called the Fish Gate, probably from its being in the neighborhood of the spot where the fish salesmen laid out their stock. This market was, of course, closed on the Sabbath; but we learn that the fish-loving Jews did not hesitate to buy on that day of Phœnician fish-peddlers who perambulated the city much in the same way as the "Fish, all alive 'O" men of the present day. At Sidon was another very large market, where, says a somewhat hyperbolous passage in Shekalim, no less than three hundred kinds of fish were daily on sale. The species highest in public favor was called *tris* or *thrisa*, considered by Herzfeld to have been a kind of anchovy, but by other authorities—particularly Lewysohn and Schwab—ordinary tunny. In Berachoth 44, R. Dimi relates that the fig-gatherers to Alexander Jaunæus consumed every week six hundred thousand baskets of this fish. From a remark in Aboda Sara it would seem that the great Jehuda Hanassi—the first editor of the Mishnah—did not disdain to speculate in this delicacy, for we are told that he owned a ship carrying more than three hundred barrels of *thrisa*. Probably a large portion of the wealth of the great patriarch was due to astute dealings in this favorite fish; but if, unlike the apostles, he preferred such a wholesale trade to the humbler netting and angling, it will be remembered to his credit that he expended the greater portion of the riches so acquired for the benefit of students and the assistance of the poor. Notwithstanding the plentifulness of native fish a good many foreign

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varieties were imported. These included an Egyptian fish not yet identified, which was brought into the country in barrels, and a fine species of mackerel from Spain. On the other hand, the cured and pickled fish for which the Jewish merchants were celebrated were largely exported, principally to Greece and Rome. Besides the usual members of the finny tribes a good many kinds of fish foods, ingeniously compounded and prepared, were sold in the markets, and were very popular with the general public. There was a soft-fish cake called *tris terufa*—mentioned very frequently in the Talmud—which was doubtless a compound of the flesh of thrissa with other ingredients. Then the entrails and roes of certain fish were sold separately in order to be made up into a kind of caviare. In Nedarim we find mentioned several times two other preparations called *sir* and *murais*. The former was a sauce, in the making of which the fat, juice, and blood of fishes largely entered; the latter was, without doubt, identical with the Roman *muria*, a pleasant-tasting fish pickle which was sold without the fish itself, and probably employed as a condiment. This *murais* appears to have been in much favor, for in Aboda Sara mention is made of a ship entirely laden with it. Large quantities were imported from Spain. A thin fish broth called *harsena* was also sold; this was a drink, and was served up in goblets. The references to fish in the Talmud are not confined to its commercial aspects. Copious discussions as to its domestic use yield a full picture of its method of consumption, and of the superstitions and other ideas by which the popular taste was in part regulated. The rabbins wisely insisted on the necessity of obtaining only fresh fish, and for this purpose recommended that purchasers should always see that there was a certain redness about the gills. When salted or cured it was enjoined that the curing should be perfect, otherwise the fish was deadly. In cases of doubt, however, a strong drink taken after the meal was prescribed as a possible antidote. Some varieties of cured fish, such as the herring and anchovy, might be eaten without super-cooking, but in all cases a rigorous washing was ordered. Small but full-grown fish appear to have been much in favor with the Jews, and this considered in connection with the general predilection for thrissa would seem to point to that fish having been, if not exactly the anchovy, at any rate a smaller variety than the

tunny. R. Chia b. Asche recommended small fish as calculated to prevent intestinal disorders, and to promote health and strength. Another rabbin held that a diet of this kind was well adapted for invalids, but regarded it as injurious to women suckling their young, and to people whose eyes were weak. It was also considered dangerous to eat fish within twenty-four hours after blood-letting, and in the month of Nisan such food was believed to promote leprosy. On the other hand, it was the practice to give fish to women who were *enceinte*, not only because of its invigorating virtues, but because a popular superstition regarded it as beneficial to the unborn child, and calculated to give it a pleasing appearance. Even to such matters as the method of eating fish the rabbins gave a large attention. They advised that food of this kind should be eaten slowly and with care, as a fish-bone sticking in the throat might, they observed, have very serious consequences. The Talmud has also worked out in copious detail the simple division of the fish kingdom into clean and unclean which we find in the Bible. Among the unclean—or rather as further characteristics of such fish—it classes those with tapering heads, imperfect vertebral columns, and symmetrical bladders and roes. It further states that the permitted fish are oviparous, and the prohibited viviparous—a rough and zoologically primitive distinction which might have been more correct had the definition “viviparous” been exchanged for those “that fecundate their eggs before exclusion.” With reference to fins and scales, it is pointed out in Nidda that as the latter may sometimes appear before the former a fish or piece of fish with scales, but without fins, may, in cases of doubt, be eaten, but under no circumstance may it be touched if the scales are absent. The Talmud differs from the Bible in having rather a full ichthyology of its own.

From The Spectator.
THE PRINCES.

IN almost every monarchy the position of the members of the royal family is one of the difficulties of statesmen, and we should not wonder if it became one even in England. Princesses, indeed—unless they fall in love unwisely, an event which, though it has occurred both in France and Austria, witness the cases of the

Duchess de Berry, and of Napoleon's widow, the grand duchess of Parma, happens wonderfully seldom — are rarely troublesome. Either they marry more or less acceptably, and go away, or they live at home as quiet daughters of the house, or they vegetate apart from the current of affairs in dignified retirement. They cannot form political parties, they very rarely lead society, and they have not often been so popular as to be individually formidable. In modern history, two princesses, our own Mary Stuart, and the German lady who became Catherine II. of Russia, have headed successful rebellions, the Duchess de Berry was Louis Philippe's most dangerous foe, and the princess of the Asturias was for a short time supposed to govern Spain; but as a rule, the lives of royal ladies have interested courtly biographers, rather than serious historians. Princes, however, are often troubles. It is, we suppose, impossible to base a system upon pedigree without conferring some kind of importance upon all who can claim that pedigree as their own; and in all States the rivalries, ambitions, popularities, or unpopularities of princes have fretted or perplexed statesmen. Either the princes have been employed by the sovereign, which is the more usual policy, and then their disasters have reflected disgrace upon the dynasty in a special manner, and have cost it popularity with the army; or they have been shunted out of politics, and then they have been discontented subjects, formidable from their rank. Some families, such as the Hapsburgs, have been nearly exempt from this danger, which is scarcely noticed in Vehse's pages; but it has been a great one for the Bourbons, it was felt by English Tudors, Stuarts, and the house of Brunswick, and it has not been entirely absent from the history of the Romanoffs. Even in very recent years the Russian grand dukes have headed parties in a dangerous way, and the son of Alexander I., the grand duke Constantine, never reconciled himself perfectly to his brother's elevation. The late emperor was repeatedly called upon to "regulate" family difficulties, and in the gossip of Russia, at all events, they press heavily on the present czar. Even in England, where all such cabals are supposed to be hopelessly out of date and forgotten, history has been compelled, and that very recently, to take note of them. Not to speak of the Tudors, whose reigns were one long war against possible rivals resting their claims on pedigree,

and of the Stuarts, who were three times supplanted by cadets — Mary and Anne both reigning because they were Stuart princesses, and the electress Sophia being selected by Parliament for the same reason — there was that still obscure affair of the old Duke of Cumberland in 1835. Thousands believed that he aspired to the throne — aspired, we mean, by active intrigue — and Joseph Hume, a keen observer with exceptional means of information, attacked him in his place in Parliament. It is difficult to believe that the duke could have so deluded himself, but he had an energetic Orange following, party spirit ran very high, and he may have hoped for a Parliamentary vote. He had a much better position than Monmouth, and it seems incontestable that Monmouth thought the people of England would declare for him, and against the legitimate line. He was not wrong in thinking that a "usurpation" was possible.

The rise of a cadet branch in this country with a distinct political or social position justifying a pretence to the crown seems quite impossible now, and, we presume, it really is so. A soldier prince might save the country from an invasion, and so establish a claim; but, apart from the improbability of the event, the English people would be shocked by his asking for that particular reward. They would give him anything else, in money, or honors, or even office; but, from a change of feeling which has been little observed, but which, we think, has certainly occurred, they would think him as unreasonable in aspiring to the throne as they would have thought the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon believed the Iron Duke would never remain a subject, and could not imagine that if ten days after Waterloo he had ordered a regiment to march on the House of Commons, his officers would have laughed in his face, and the people would have considered him a lunatic. No prince in a country like this could show himself a Bismarck or a statesman of the first order in other ways; and if he did, though he might conceivably be beyond dismissal, he could never get the vote of Parliament, without which he would be powerless as an aspirant to the throne. Even in extreme circumstances, with the Empire visibly falling, the claim to that one prize would destroy the public confidence and the popular affection. The single contingency in which such a trouble could occur would be the existence of a Jacobin prince of

the blood in whom the body of the people confided, at a moment when they were demanding something, say the nationalization of the land, which the sovereign and the middle classes were resolute not to grant. That contingency is not probable, as little probable as another which was once threatened, and by possibility might occur, the election of a cadet prince by the people of Ireland to be their favorite and their king. A Guelph Parnell would be an ugly phenomenon, but it is out of the range of practical politics, and even of political dreams. Nevertheless, though we do not expect to see an English house of Orleans, English statesmen may yet be troubled by the princes. Every sovereign may not be as wise as Queen Victoria, or as coolly constitutional, and we can easily imagine an unpopular premier seriously embarrassed by a claim like that which, on Monday, Mr. Gladstone, with a frown for Baron H. de Worms and a smile for the Duke of Albany, so quietly pushed aside. That will not be the last claim of the kind. It will be much more difficult one day, unless the House of Commons possesses more backbone than at present, to resist the claim of the Duke of Connaught, "who has seen service," to the command-in-chief; and by-and-by, the princes of the English house may possibly be many, and their position worse. Even now, a prince of ability is most unpleasantly placed,—he is forbidden by etiquette to take a political part, the function of social leadership is to many minds most *ennuyant*, and the great offices are practically closed to him. Mr. Gladstone wisely refused to say why he had not appointed the Duke of Albany, hinting that if he could be questioned in favor of one prince, he might be questioned out of hostility to another, but we doubt not that if he had spoken, the nomination of princes would have been proved to be impossible. Thirty years hence we may see a dozen personages in society all within the succession, all claiming to take precedence of the Dukes of Norfolk, all noticed by the people as few statesmen are, and all in circumstances which of all others most provoke ambition. Parliament will be most reluctant to vote them incomes—every such vote now calls out a democratic demonstration—and will certainly not vote them adequate incomes, and without such votes their position will be indescribably provoking. Some of them may be able men, as the Coburgs have often been, and a solidly able prince, poor to pauperism, but so favored by society as to have a party at his back, would

be a severe embarrassment to any but a first-class premier. If the sovereign favored the claimant, the premier would have to resist the claim by nearly impossible explanations to Parliament; and if the sovereign disapproved, he might find party feeling extend itself to hostility to the wearer of the crown. Observers say, and sometimes write, that the difficulty will be met by the abolition of George III.'s Royal Marriage Law, and that the princes will carry off the heiresses, and so become county gentlemen; but in that case they will be subjects, and a prince not restrained by the etiquettes of his caste might be a dangerous politician. Is there any law or binding custom which prevents a prince, not being either peer or pensioner, from standing for the House of Commons, to which, if he were able, a big democratic borough—say, for example, Stoke—might be quite willing to send him? The suggestion will strike most of our readers as a little bizarre, but the "royalties" are growing numerous, and, but for accident, there might have been in twenty-five years half-a-dozen Campbells alive, each one eligible to Parliament, and each one a direct and acknowledged representative of every family ever seated on the British throne. Time arranges all things, the matter is not pressing, and the drift of opinion is republican; but some day the question what to do with so separate a caste will be among the preoccupations of a premier who, even before that time, will be puzzled whether to find appanages indefinitely, or to face the risk that a prince may open a theatre, turn Jacobin politician, or marry a dancer at the opera.

From The Field.

A VISIT TO THE NORE.

THERE are few places more interesting or instructive than the "Nore Lightship." Some one—I fancy the author of "My Watch Below"—has written that the crew of the vessel bear the expression of melancholy on their countenances—the effect of long and anxious confinement. Certainly, two of the men rescued from the jaws of death a few weeks previous to our visit impressed one with the quietness and, perhaps, gravity of their manner and speech, and their faces may have been a reflex of their minds to some extent; but they one and all met us with a hearty and cheerful "Good morning!" as we clambered up the sides, and to us it seemed that

for men who carry their lives in their hands for eight months out of the twelve, and rarely taste alcoholic beverages, they were bright and cheerful, and disposed to make the best of everything. Of course, we saw the lamp, and how it revolves by clockwork, and the oil-room, and the powder magazine, and gun-cotton for blowing up wrecks, and the hammocks, and tasted the biscuits, and inspected the meat, and bought some of their handiwork in the shape of a tea-caddy and money-box, and, of course, too, we drank their healths and they drank ours. But, as I remarked immediately after we had joined the "Jeannette" again, the impression left on the mind is not immediately reducible to words. There is a longing to return, and shake those weather-beaten men again by the hand in the name of humanity and our common gratitude. We are not very seriously disposed, this friend and myself, but I think it was not until the engineer called our attention to the fact that the inspirator was choked, and the water rapidly disappearing in the glass, that we awoke from our reverie induced somehow or other by what we had seen and heard about the lightship. We asked each other why should not these men be decorated like the heroes of Tel-el-Kebir? They risk their lives in their country's service every day. Sometimes death comes in the ordinary routine of work. Here is a case: a few weeks ago the gas-light, which is kept burning on the sand about half a mile off, went out. The men's duty is to at once relight it. Four of them launched a boat for the purpose. They effected their object, and a tug-boat, passing at the time, offered to tow them back to the ship. Suddenly their rudder gave way, and their boat, sheering under the steamer's side, was capsized. One man disappeared, and his body has not yet been recovered. There are placards about Sheerness offering £2 reward for it. The others were rescued, two of them in an apparently lifeless condition, and we had the pleasure of congratulating them upon their restoration to health. The life these men lead is calculated to astonish the Londoner, particularly if he be a luxurious West ender. Ten pounds of salt beef per man a week and biscuits constitute the *menu* for two months at a stretch. Whiskey had been a stranger to them for close on two months. The most curious circumstance, however, is the absence of any animal life on board. There was not even a white mouse or a canary. Light literature, too, was conspicuous by its absence. The men jumped at the idea of

our sending them a box of books, and we have just despatched four large bound volumes of the *Graphic*, including the war of 1878, and a miscellaneous collection of smaller works. L. added some creature comforts in the shape of tinned milk, cocoa, and fresh butter, and I verily believe we shall be canonized by the men at the Nore. If this should meet the eyes of any yachting men or landsmen, for the matter of that, to whom, even amidst the busy life of London, it is a pleasure and a relaxation to retire awhile alone and ease or refresh the mind with whatever literature administers most wholesomely to their minds, let them picture to themselves the solitude from which there is no escape, the dull monotony which cannot be relieved, experienced by the men at the Nore; and, while remembering the thousand and one distractions within reach of the landsman and the rich, let them be mindful how welcome is the smallest parcel, be it what it may, that adds a new idea or awakes an old recollection, calling forth blessings on the heads of the donors from the grateful hearts of the lightship's crew. There is something grand in the self-sacrifice which duty like this entails. Amid the hurricane and the rushing tide, the snapping of a cable would signify that death was near in a thousand forms. It is the same through all the walks of life. The British character is instinct with humanity. *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*, this is the motto of the race. The battlefield, the fire brigades, the hospitals (in a higher sense), all supply examples of the great heart, the noble manhood, the ennobling sympathies which bind together the British people, and find expression, when no other occasion is forthcoming, in the God-like offices of martyrdom. It did us good, our visit to the Nore. It is not far from the metropolis. It is a nice little sail, due S. E., from Southend Pier. It will afford much food for reflection. It can absorb much sympathy, and endless boxes of books, etc. It reminds you of old cupboards and their contents to no one less useful than yourself. It reminds you of home comforts, and how to appreciate them. It calls up thoughts of patriotism, obedience, and courage; and it gives you the key-note of this country's greatness — duty. But the recognition of true manliness is a first principle with the English people. It is the old, old tale —

In our rough Island story,
The path of duty is the way to glory.

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